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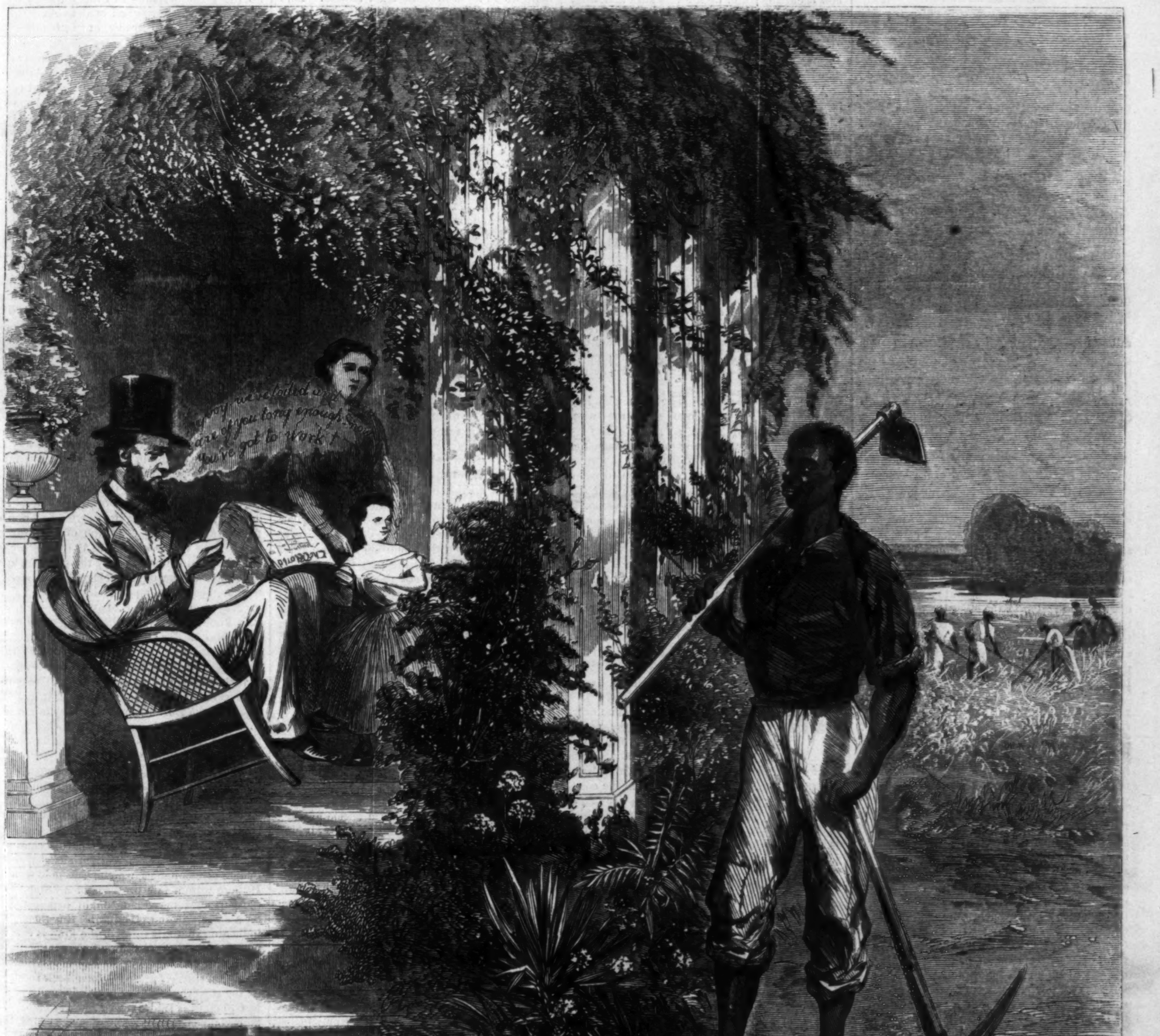
FOURTH OF JULY AT ALBANY AND SARATOGA.

THE fact that General GRANT was to be present at Albany on the Fourth rendered that place a great centre of attraction during that day.

The ceremonies of the day took place on the Washington Parade-Ground. Besides the Lieutenant-General, several other distinguished military men were present, among whom were Generals SCHOFIELD, HUNTER, KAUTZ, KILPATRICK, and SICKLES. Having arrived on the Parade-Ground, after the prayer and the reading of the Declaration General BUTTERFIELD presented to the Government and people of New York two hundred battle-flags, accompanying the presentation with an eloquent speech. Governor FENTON was too weak to deliver the responsive address, which was read by his private secretary. The oration of the day was pronounced by Dr. E. H. CHAPIN. After the oration, which was one of CHAPIN's finest efforts, there was the usual rush after General GRANT, who with difficulty fought his way to his carriage. We give an illustration of the presentation of the flags on page 468.

Independence Day was celebrated at Saratoga also under brilliant auspices, being made the occasion for a grand reunion of the Army of Tennessee. The most noticeable characteristic of the celebration here was the absence of noise, the city government, frightened by the late fires, having forbidden the ignition of gunpowder in any shape during the day. The reunion of the army took place at LELAND's Union Hotel. Most of the officers who had been at Albany were present at the grand dinner which the LELANDS gave to the army. WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE recited a poem on the occasion. We give an illustration of the dinner on page 468. We publish also on page 469 three other illustrations—one of the ball which took place in the evening in the new Opera House just completed by the Messrs. LELANDS, another of the drive to Saratoga Lake, and the third gives a fine view of the Lake itself. Saratoga Lake is three and one half miles from the town, and has on its borders several hotels. Pickerel, perch, and other fish abound in the Lake, and the disciples of WALTON can here indulge to their heart's content in their favorite amusement. This Lake is the favorite resort of the visitors at the Springs, and is the terminus of the best drives about the town. On the Fourth these drives were frequented by a large number of fashionable turn-outs. It would not tend to diminish the pleasures of Independence Day if it were always and every where celebrated with the quietness which characterized the celebration this year at Saratoga.



PORTIA.—"*Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?*"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE GREAT LABOR QUESTION FROM A SOUTHERN POINT OF VIEW.—[BY JOHN.]

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY come through the green still ways
To their peaceful homes once more,
To lie in the shade through the summer days
Till their weariness is o'er,
And the silence grows a familiar thing
After the battle's roar.

They are strong in limb and look,
And forget to heed the rain;
And drink at every babbling brook,
And sleep on the open plain;
For the night-mists fall in harmless dew
On their oaken bark and grain.

The children count the scars
On their faces one by one;
And the maidens that twinkle out like stars
After the set of sun,
Draw shyly near to hear them tell
How the bloody fight was won.

They are heroes one and all
To these gentle ones they meet;
And the voices of love that to them call
Were never so soft and sweet;
And toward what once was a hopeless dream
They now may turn their feet.

They are the nation's pride,
And its living memory
Of the noble hearts that bravely died
Beside them on land and sea;
And at their feet are the highest gifts
Of a thankful people free.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THERE seems to be a vague public impression that the Monroe doctrine is a restless fury that will not cease to hurry us until we warn France off the continent or drive her away. Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, who is not a very wise man, denounces the Government for its servility to the French Emperor. Mr. HARLAN, the Secretary of the Interior, wishes that it might be the will of God that we should fight for Mexico. A great many other gentlemen also seem to suppose the country to be stepping about in a highly truculent mood, and, like the Irishman, requesting somebody for the love of Heaven to do him the favor of treading upon the tail of his coat. What then is the Monroe doctrine, and in what sense is it binding upon the United States Government?

The Monroe doctrine was an executive declaration never confirmed by Congress. It was made at the instance of Mr. CANNING, the British Prime Minister, to meet a certain emergency, which was the suspected intention of the Holy Alliance to restore forcibly to Spain the American colonies which had revolted and had declared their independence. In the course of the message in which President MONROE alluded to the subject, he said that any European interposition to control the destiny of those colonies would be viewed as the sign of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. He also stated in another relation that "the American *continents*" were not to be henceforth considered subjects for European colonization.

This was a declaration which, as a specific measure under the existing circumstances, received the applause of the liberal party throughout the world; but as the assertion of a permanent national policy it was never adopted by Congress, was never allowed by foreign powers, and has never been the ground of any decisive national action. But it is now claimed to be a necessary tradition of our national conduct.

If it be meant by this claim that we are to regulate the internal condition of Mexico and all the other governments upon the North and South American continents, including Brazil, without special treaty with them or application from them, it is simple folly. If it be meant that we are to guard ourselves against evident perils, there is no need of giving a mysterious name to an inevitable and universal policy. Every nation has the right to defend itself against palpable danger. But to assume that the presence of any European power upon these "continents," without regard to the circumstances of the case, is menacing to this country is entirely gratuitous. Do we mean to declare that Mexico or Venezuela may not invite foreigners at their pleasure? And do we mean to decide for ourselves whether they have invited them or not? On the other hand, if the peril be held to lie not in the coming of Europeans, but in the monarchical form of government, do we mean that we will tolerate no monarchies upon the "continents?" In other words, does the Monroe doctrine mean that we will regulate all or any of the nations of North and South America exactly as we choose?

This is really the Monroe doctrine, as it is expounded in popular speeches and journals. The plea is, that our republican institutions are imperiled by the influence of a neighboring monarchy. But is republicanism such a puny system that its influence does not as seriously threaten monarchy? If we wished to see France fatally weakened, we could not more surely secure that result than by encouraging her to make Mexico a French colony. That is the clear perception of the shrewdest French statesmen. That is the instinct of the French people; and the Mexican expedition is, therefore, regarded as a truly imperial blunder. The truth is, that there is no European power that could colonize upon these continents without seriously injuring itself.

The Monroe doctrine, as it is popularly preached, is merely the infamous doctrine of the Ostend Manifesto—that we may do as we please with our neighbors, even to absorbing them. And this is logical. If we have a right to hold that a foreign government in Mexico is dangerous, we have an equal right to believe the same of a domestic government there. If, for our security, we may overthrow the one, we may destroy the other. All the subsequent steps would be easy; and we naturally find that the advocates of "Manifest Destiny" and of filibustering are ardent friends of the Monroe doctrine. "It is clear that......Cuba is as necessary to the North American republic," said JAMES BUCHANAN and his fellow-pirates at Ostend, "as any of its present members, and that it belongs naturally to that great family of States of which the Union is the providential nursery." The Ostend Manifesto is the oldest child of the Monroe doctrine.

When the people of the United States are convinced that their institutions are endangered by the condition of Mexico, or Cuba, or Guatemala, or Caracas, or any other country upon these "continents," they will not hesitate to apply every necessary remedy. But we do not believe they are alarmed by any thing that is now occurring; and we are very sure that, after the experience of the last four years, this country will not go to war upon an abstraction.

LETTING ALONE.

A FAMILIAR cry is heard from the unorganized States. It comes from orators and papers which have been heard before. "Just let us alone. That is all we want. As for the negroes we know them better than any body else, and we must be permitted to manage them."

Except for the seriousness of the situation there would be something exquisitely humorous in this grave assertion. It is exactly what we have heard for the last twenty years. When it was perfectly evident that the spirit and policy of slavery were endangering the welfare of the country, a firm and vigorous protest was raised by sagacious citizens who did not mean to connive, under any pretense whatever, at the national ruin. Then came the answering shout from the party of slavery: "Let us alone. It is our affair. We know the negroes and understand how to manage them. Let us alone." And many honest minds were deceived by the appeal.

Then came secession. The men who had cried so lustily "Let us alone" while they were plotting, cried still more solemnly "Let us alone" when they were ready to consummate the crime. Their armed effort has been abortive but bloody. It is necessary for them to recur again to arts and intrigues, and so we hear the same old cry, "Let us alone. Let us alone."

And who echo this cry? Those who in 1860 said that the Government had no right to maintain itself by arms. Those who in 1861 said that the war was really occasioned by the loyal States, and that the Government ought to compromise with treason and conciliate rebellion. Those who in 1862 said that our erring sisters should be allowed to depart in peace. Those who in 1863 stimulated a counter-revolution. Those who in 1864 went to Chicago and declared the war a failure. Those who at the end of 1864 were politically annihilated by the American people at the polls.

What is the object of the cry? The overthrow of the Administration and the policy which directed the war, and the return to power of that alliance of Southern leaders and Northern followers which brought on the war. That alliance, we are told, secured peace to the country. Yes, it secured peace at the price of national honor and by delaying a struggle which delay embittered a thousand-fold. It secured peace as a man secures solvency by paying fifty per cent. a day for the money he borrows. It secured peace as he does who puts his nose into the fingers of a bully and obsequiously succumbs to his kicks. And when the peace was broken, who broke it? When war began, who began it? Who justified those who began it? Who hoped and worked for their success? Those who now tell us that while they had the power they kept the peace. Those who we know when they lost the power broke the peace. They gave the country peace as a highwayman gives his victim life, on condition of obedience. "Just give us power again, fellow-citizens," they cry, "and you will see how we will keep the peace." Their fellow-citizens have already seen. Enough is as good as a feast.

The late rebels say that they know the negroes a great deal better than any body else. How have they proved it? By enslaving them with unparalleled barbarity. By outraging every human right and feeling. By so treating them that, when the war came, every one of the people they "knew so well" instinctively turned against them, and hailed the enemies of their masters as, for that reason, their own best friends. A society which is so ignorant of human nature, of history, of divine justice, and of the laws of political economy as to suppose it can treat half of its members as brutes without danger to the general welfare, when its foolish assumption has ended in its own blood and ruin, might at least affect modesty of opinion if it does not feel it. There was never a class in the world which knew so little of another as the slaveholding class at the South knows of the slaves. Its ignorance has cost us a civil war; but it has also fortunately apprised us that such ignorance is a mortal peril.

And what are the late slaveholding class now doing to show us how perfectly they understand the negroes? The Southern States are paralyzed. They can be reinvigorated only by labor. The negroes are the laboring population. They are native to the soil and the climate, and they are free. Common sense indicates the only policy. The inevitable facts of the case should be cordially accepted. Liberal wages should be paid. Honest contracts made. Just measures adopted to provide education and equal rights for the most substantial part of the population. In a word, the public prosperity should be secured and public peril avoided by the simplest and most obvious equity. But, instead of this, farmers are offering five dollars a month to freemen who, as slaves, could hire themselves and make fifteen dollars a month. White people are gravely enacting that colored people shall not testify; shall not control their own children; shall not bear arms; shall not vote; and are surrounding them with disabilities for which there would seem to be no legal redress. And all the while the class at the South which has made educating slaves a crime protests against the fearful ignorance of the colored people; and those who have disgraced labor and degraded the laborer, and have themselves never lifted a finger to work, now complain that the negro is a dreadfully lazy fellow, and will work only upon compulsion.

In truth the class which wished to be "let alone" in its assault upon the Union and Government, unchanged and unsubdued, now wishes to be "let alone" to reorganize itself upon its obsolete, inhuman, and dangerous prejudices and passions. It hates the Union; it hates free labor and free society; it believes in its interpretation of the Constitution and in State sovereignty as much as ever. The spirit of this class is the cancer of the country. If the country wishes peace it will *not* let it alone.

THE PREMIUM ON GOLD.

GOLD continues rather to rise than fall. The sanguine people who expected to see it below 120 before midsummer have been disappointed. It is higher now than it was before JOHNSTON surrendered.

A number of theories have been set afloat to account for the firmness of the market. A favorite notion among a certain class of patriotic people is that the gold market is "cornered"—that a prominent operator in Exchange Place has bought all the loose gold in market, and is "carrying" it, as a speculation for the rise, obliging the Bears to pay as much as $\frac{1}{8}$ @ $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. That this has been the condition of the market more than once during the past sixty days is notorious. But it is not the case now. On Friday and Saturday last cash gold was abundant. Many holders were unable to lend their gold at all. Whatever effort may have been heretofore made by the Bulls in gold to put up the price by creating an artificial scarcity, there is no such effort at present. The advance in the premium is sustained by other causes.

Much is due, no doubt, to the accumulation of $26,000,000 of gold in the Sub-treasury. More than half the specie in the city is locked up in the vaults of the Government, and the supply available for importers is thus largely reduced. This, when the duties average $400,000 a day, as at present, will of itself justify considerable firmness in the market. The banks have been parading for some time a specie average of about $20,000,000—last Monday it was $20,400,441—but as it seems the State Bank, where the gold brokers keep their accounts, counts all the specie it holds, while other banks count certified checks on the State Bank as coin, the real average is probably not higher than $15,000,000. A drain of $1,000,000 a week upon this small fund will naturally tell, even in the absence of an export demand.

Appeals are daily made to Secretary M'CULLOCH to deplete the Sub-treasury of its gold. Two precedents light his path. His two predecessors, fearful of the effects of large accumulations of gold in the Sub-treasury, anticipated the payment of the coupons on the Five-Twenty Bonds. But the device failed. People did not want their money before it was due. In our market, bonds with one coupon short were difficult of sale; and foreigners would not remit their coupons before maturity. Less than ten per cent. of the anticipated coupons were presented for payment before the regular day. The other method of depleting the Treasury vaults—an open sale of the gold—was tried by Mr. CHASE. Its effect was to produce a sudden stringency in the money market, a panic in stocks, and *a large advance in the premium on gold*. Then, as now, the revenue from customs so slightly exceeded the sum required for the payment of interest on the public debt that Wall Street speculated on the possible necessities of the Government, and foreseeing that Mr. CHASE might have to buy back the gold he had sold, took care that he should not get it back at a profit. The chances are that the operation would be followed by the same results now. With $26,000,000 of gold in his hand, Mr. M'CULLOCH holds some sort of check on the speculators. If he lost his specie, he might, in the event of a sudden decrease of importations, find himself at their mercy. These considerations appear, thus far, to have counterbalanced, in the Secretary's mind, the reasons which dictated a depletion of the Treasury vaults.

So far as our foreign trade is concerned it does not at present justify an advance in gold. Notwithstanding large imports and light exports, we are shipping so many stocks and bonds to Europe that the balance of trade inclines in our favor, and bankers' exchange sells considerably below the equivalent of coin. Europe continues to absorb American securities with as much avidity as ever. Not only are Five-Twenties, Erie, and Illinois Central sent out by every steamer, but a German demand has sprung up for Seven-Thirties, of which over a million go out on the average each week. At last accounts, at Frankfort, which is the great European market for American securities, Seven-Thirties were quoted within one per cent. of Five-Twenties. Even the English, who, led blindly by the London *Times* during the war, missed all the great bargains in Five-Twenties which have still further enriched opulent Amsterdam, are now beginning to buy, at 70, bonds which they would not touch at 40 @ 45, and, in the language of one of their circulars, "the most active stocks in our (London) markets are American securities." Unless, then, some accident occurs to check this European appetite for American stocks, the export of specie can not become large enough to affect the market-price; and so far as the influence of our foreign exchanges is concerned, the premium should rather decline than advance.

It is said that gold is going South for the purchase of cotton. It seems that in some localities at the South the planters prefer gold to greenbacks, even when the latter are tendered at more than the current rate of depreciation. In South Carolina planters are reported to have preferred ten cents in gold to fifteen in greenbacks. But it will be found, on investigation, that very small amounts of coin have been withdrawn from our banks for shipment South. Matters are too unsettled in that region for buyers to carry bags of gold about the country. And, really, after all that has been said about the movement of cotton, it is coming forward so slowly that we might pay for all we get in gold without disturbing the specie reserve of the banks.

The true cause, doubtless, of the steady advance in the premium on coin is the continued expansion of paper-money. The National Bank circulation continues to increase at the rate of $3,000,000 a week, or $500,000 a day. It is now $155,000,000, against $125,000,000 on 15th May. Of the condition of the Government issues less is known, as the Secretary declined to furnish on 1st July the usual monthly statement of the public debt. But new legal tenders, bearing compound interest, and dated in May and June last, have been seen, and it is known that, notwithstanding receipts of $500,000 a day from internal revenue and $5,000,000 a day from sales of Seven-Thirties, the public creditors are being paid three-fourths of their claims in debt certificates. The expansion takes every shape. Last week it was suggested to the Boston banks that they might lend their surplus funds on call to Government as the New York banks do. Ten millions were at once forthcoming or promised. For this amount deposit certificates were issued, which were declared available for the clearing house. Thus at a stroke of the pen ten millions more fictitious capital was created, involving a corresponding expansion.

It can be nothing else than this continued creation of paper-money, in various shapes and under various names, which keeps gold so high. If there were a fair prospect of a reduction of the currency, merchants might look hopefully for a decline in the premium. But there is no indication that any thing of the kind is even remotely probable. Within a few months, nearly $750,000,000—a sum so enormous that the mind can scarcely grasp it—have been furnished to the Government by the people, and yet Mr. M'CULLOCH is said to be so short of money that he is compelled to pay three-fourths of his debts in debt certificates. Before 15th August the authority under which the Secretary is now borrowing money will expire. How will he pay his way till December? As soon as Congress meets a new loan bill will have to be passed. How will this fresh addition to our debt be viewed by people at home and our creditors abroad?

Large reductions in the army and navy have been made. The curtailment of the latter expe-

cially has been prosecuted with the vigor which has throughout characterized that much abused but really most admirable functionary, Secretary WELLES. But a large army is still required—we are told—in the Southern States. Can not the cost of this army—which is the true source of our financial troubles, and the real secret of the firmness of gold—be made a charge upon the section which requires it?

REPORTING.

FROM the reports in the daily papers of the burning of BARNUM'S Museum it might be supposed that there was something peculiarly comical in the death-agonies of helpless dumb creatures. The struggles of the poor animals in the fire are described as if they had been a spectacle of the purest hilarity and delight; and the details of suffering are elaborated with the zest with which we may imagine a cannibal contemplating the torture of his victim. It is certainly desirable to have the most accurate and circumstantial accounts of all interesting public events; but we submit to our friends of the daily press that the reportorial style should not add apparent inhumanity to rhetorical extravagance.

PEACE AND WAR.

JUDGE THOMPSON, of Philadelphia, and various other authorities private and public have decided that, as there are no organized armies in the field against the authority of the Government, we are at peace. The closing of FORD'S theatre by a simple order of the Secretary of War is denounced by those who take this view as a most dangerous blow at the liberties of the citizen in a time of peace. The trial of the murderers of the President by a military tribunal in a time of peace was also vehemently condemned as an enormous crime against the public liberty. Are we at war? exclaim the indignant protesters. No: but we are not at peace.

If the fact of the disbanding of the rebel armies had restored us to a normal condition, the Government of the United States should at once withdraw its forces from the late insurgent States, and await such steps as those States might choose to take. But if it did that it would surrender its hold upon those States to the oaths of those who have shown that they do not respect oaths, or to those who are practical proficients in Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Perjury-made-easy.

A civil war, of course, can not end as a foreign war ends. It is the fierce outbreak of long-gathering political jealousies and hatreds. It has a fury and a bitterness unknown to other wars: and it closes its active operations by the application upon one side of an overwhelming force which merely converts the open hostility of the other into sullen opposition. This is now our condition, and it will long remain so. What hearty, cordial support of the Government, what true loyalty to the Union have been developed in the recovered States? Virginia has been tolerably racked by the war, but the experiment of civil government fails in Norfolk, and it is estimated that an entire army corps will be necessary for the repose of the State.

If, then, we are not wholly at peace, the powers of war must remain active so far as they are necessary, and the Government must be the judge of that necessity. That in every instance it will decide wisely is improbable. Whether it may not be perilously prolonging the military condition—whether it may not plead military necessity too often, are proper matters of argument and warning. But you have no right to accuse it of wanton invasion of private rights—you have no right to say, as the *Tribune* does, that Mr. STANTON illegally deprives Mr. FORD of the use of his property, unless you declare that the power itself, of which that is a special exercise, is illegal, upon the ground that war having ceased military necessity has ceased also. But upon what other plea are we occupying the late rebel States? And if military necessity exists at all, the Government must determine where it exists. The argument is precisely that of Mr. LINCOLN upon the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

The present danger to public liberty does not seem to us to lie in supposing that we are at war, but in assuming that we are entirely at peace. It is very desirable that we should not have our fine sense of freedom dulled by long submission to arbitrary power. It is of the utmost importance that extraordinary precedents should not be multiplied. But it is still more important that the Government of the United States should not fall into the hands of its enemies. And to that end the people who have vanquished those enemies in the field should justify the wise exercise of military power until every satisfactory guaranty of public order has been obtained.

Against any mistaken act of such power we shall earnestly protest whenever we know the facts. Thus, as we understand it, the closing of FORD'S theatre was unwise, since if danger were apprehended it would, in our estimation, have been better to repress any riot by force than to prevent it by prohibiting a man from using his own property. But in a city where but three or four days previously the Government had suspended the privilege of the writ, it is clear that the military condition continues, and that, under it, the right of the Government to close the theatre exists. The Government may have known much that was unknown to others; and as it has not shown itself alarmingly despotic in its exercise of the arbitrary power which the Constitution confides to it in times of great public disorder, we have certainly no disposition to assail it now as if it were striking at the public liberty. The sense of liberty is not so easily destroyed as some of our friends seem to imagine; and the people who, to save liberty, have patiently borne with its occasional necessary restraint during the last four years will not justify an intemperate and ill-tempered denunciation of a faithful public officer who has stood so manfully and efficiently by them and their liberties.

THE ARGENTINE WAR.

OUR placid South American neighbors of the Argentine Republic suddenly find themselves at war with Paraguay. It would be more accurate to say that they are at war with LOPEZ, for LOPEZ is Paraguay. Paraguay is the estate of LOPEZ, which he inherited from his father, who received it from Dr. FRANCIA the Dictator. The million inhabitants of Paraguay are the workmen of LOPEZ. He is the only merchant in the country, and every producer must sell to him at his rates under pain of death. Under this highly-protective system LOPEZ is naturally the richest man in Paraguay, which he keeps to himself as a man keeps his private box under lock and key.

Paraguay lies at the foot of the peninsula, formed by the rivers Paraguay and Parana, where they branch from the River de la Plata, or the Plate River, as the traders call it. LOPEZ, having some difficulty with Brazil, asked the Argentine Republic to allow him to march troops across a part of their country to reach Brazil. The Republic declined. But Brazil sailed up the River Plate to attack Paraguay. The Republic declared that it could not help it, because the Plate had always been a free river. But LOPEZ resented what he chose to consider aid to his enemy, and notwithstanding a treaty which bound him to give six months' notice before going to war, he has advanced an army into the territory of the Argentine Republic, which has necessarily declared war, and which is now collecting an army of some thirty or forty thousand men, with a contingent of five thousand, from its little neighbor Uruguay, and some thirty thousand from Brazil, to march upon LOPEZ, and not only expel him from the country, but, as the Declaration says, overthrow his government, although the Republic emphatically disclaims all intention of annexing or subduing Paraguay.

Meanwhile LOPEZ, who is a shrewd man of affairs, and who has a standing army of seventy thousand men, has seized the first move and is ready for his enemies. Paraguay, as we said, may be figured by the letter V. It is assailable only along the rivers which bound it on each side; and just above the junction of those rivers, or the point of the V, LOPEZ has erected a very strong fort, stretching from river to river, and fully commanding both, which is garrisoned by ten thousand men, and commanded by the skillful old Hungarian General GOYON. It will be a very difficult task to dislodge him while he has his compact little country so well in hand; and our good Argentine friends are so fond of to-morrow and to-morrow, that we do not anticipate a very speedy end of the war.

What does Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR think that the Monroe doctrine demands of us in this state of things?

Those who are interested to know the present social and industrial condition and promise of the Argentine Republic will find a clear and concise statement in a letter of M. LE SARMIENTO, the Argentine Minister in this country, lately addressed to Mr. EDWARD F. DAVISON, the Argentine Consul in New York.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

MUSIC has ceased forever in SCUDDER'S balcony, not because of rain but of fire. When BARNUM'S Museum burned, a few days since, one of the few interesting, and from HALLECK'S lines we may say poetic, buildings in New York disappeared. The old WALTON Mansion in Franklin Square, the house in which Citizen GENET married the daughter of Governor GEORGE CLINTON, and which is now a sailor boarding-house, and the hotel at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets in which General WASHINGTON parted with his officers, are two of the most noted of the few historic buildings remaining in the city. They may, indeed, be accounted chief mourners at the departure of their sprightly and more juvenile companion, SCUDDER'S Museum.

There was no building so well known in the city, and no resort so permanently popular as BARNUM'S. It had all the characteristics of "a big show" in the very heart of the metropolis. It was the tent of the village green enlarged, and built in brick instead of canvas. Its music, its attractions, its whole character, were, in the strictest sense, popular. As a museum, the wax-work, the stuffed birds and animals, the mineralogical collection, the wonderful two-headed calves and lambs, and the pictures, were much the same as in all museums. The menagerie was interesting. The theatre was "moral." The aquaria were truly beautiful and valuable. The temporary "star-attractions," the dwarfs, the Albinoes, the fat women and children, etc., were unfailing. But it was the combination of all, and the advertisement of some special object, which made the charm.

By an unparalleled genius for advertising Mr. BARNUM invested the queer old collection of trumpery and monsters with a kind of glamour. The Museum itself was a perpetual disappointment. It was very shabby. The visitor was haunted from the entrance with a conviction that he was humbugged. But his curiosity had been excited. Was the dwarf really so small? Was the mermaid actually a dried monkey with the tail of a sea cod? Was JOICE HETH truly made of India rubber? These were questions that excited the popular mind. Mr. BARNUM had the knack of making his wares the town talk, and the rest followed. The baby-shows, the dog-shows, the poultry-shows, were advertisements of the same kind. The merit was not in the things themselves, good as they were: it was in the manager, who could make people pay twenty-five cents to ascertain if the things had merit. And such reputation and consequent profits increase by compound interest. The public was long ago persuaded that what BARNUM thought worth exhibiting was worth seeing—not for itself, but to ascertain why he thought so.

Besides, there was a certain quality in Mr. BARNUM'S management which deserved success, and that was the fertility of his invention. If he saw a poor colored idiot in the Bowery, he perceived at once that he could coin money by presenting him as an unknown man, or animal, or What-is-it from Central Africa. If FREMONT went upon an expedition to strange regions, why should not the Museum receive a strange animal from that quarter, and why not a woolly horse as well as any thing else? Doubtless, if the moon hoax of Mr. LOCKE had been devised during Mr. BARNUM'S career, and a little more time could have been gained before it was exposed, the American Museum would have contained specimens of "the brown quadrupeds having all the external characteristics of the bison, but more diminutive than any species of the bos genus in our natural history;" and the other animal "of bluish lead color about the size of a goat, with a head and beard like him, and a *single horn* slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular." Indeed, as it is, we have always wondered that Mr. BARNUM never had a specimen of that single horn. His public is generous and confiding. It would have taken the horn without winking.

What man has done, the same man may do. Mr. BARNUM is sure of the sympathy of the public and of its earnest desire to respond to his future efforts. In a new domain, under fairer auspices, let us count upon "wax figgers" even nobler than are gone; upon taller giants and shorter dwarfs. BARNUM'S Museum, a more marvelous phœnix than any he ever exhibited, will rise resplendent from its own ashes. Already we perceive the untiring manager is twitching

"his mantle blue,
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

LEFT-HANDED PENMANSHIP.

MR. WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, the indefatigable editor of *The Soldier's Friend*, a neat, handsome, and interesting paper, issued every month, is always devising some fresh pleasure or benefit for the soldiers. He now offers premiums amounting to five hundred dollars for the four best specimens of penmanship by "left-armed soldiers of the Union." Any man who has lost his right arm in the service may compete. He may write an original or selected article upon a patriotic theme, and he must write not less than two nor more than seven pages upon fine letter paper of ordinary size, leaving an inch margin at the sides, top, and bottom of the paper. The writer must also give his name in full; his regiment, company, and rank; the list of battles in which he was engaged; the place where he lost his arm, and his post-office address. If enough specimens are forwarded they will be exhibited, and the proceeds, if sufficient, will be devoted to the publication of a memorial volume containing the essays, with a list of the contributors; and a copy will be sent to each contributor. The manuscripts must be sent in on or before the 1st of October next, wrapped around a wooden roller; and after the award Mr. BOURNE will have the right of publishing such selections as he may choose.

The following are the Committee of Award: Governor FENTON of New York; Rev. Dr. H. W. BELLOWS, President of the Sanitary Commission; WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT; GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; and the Executive Committee of the Bureau of Employment at New York, HOWARD POTTER, WILLIAM E. DODGE, Jun., and THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY.

BY order of the War Department of June 27 the limits of the new military divisions are thus defined:

First—The Military Division of the Atlantic, Major-General George G. Meade, with head-quarters at Philadelphia.

Second—The Military Division of the Mississippi, Major-General W. T. Sherman, with head-quarters at St. Louis.

Third—The Military Division of the Gulf, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, with head-quarters at New Orleans.

Fourth—The Military Division of the Tennessee, Major-General George H. Thomas, with head-quarters at Nashville.

Fifth—The Military Division of the Pacific, Major-General H. W. Halleck, with head-quarters at San Francisco.

These divisions are severally subdivided into eighteen military departments, each with a special commander.

THE FREEDMEN.

Major-General O. O. Howard, Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, on the 12th of July issued a circular of general instruction to his subordinate officers throughout the South. The State Commissioners are to appoint district agents to assist them in the protection of the freedmen, the adjustment of rates of wages to be paid them by the planters, the establishment and management of schools for the education of the colored people, and to make arrangements for supplying their medical needs. On these and various other matters monthly reports are to be rendered. It is particularly charged that no apprenticeship system or other substitute for slavery shall be tolerated. Suffering to some degree, General Howard says, may result from this positive regulation; but suffering, he adds, is preferable to slavery, and is to some extent the necessary consequence of events.

WRECK OF THE "WILLIAM NELSON."

On the 26th of June the captain of the ship *William Nelson*, on her way from Antwerp to New York, ordered all the passengers above, and the ship was thoroughly washed and fumigated. For the purpose of fumigating the vessel pitch was taken into the lower hold, and red-hot irons thrown into it. The pitch ignited, boiled over, and set fire to the ship. The captain and other officers, with the cabin passengers, escaped in boats. The ship burned to the water's-edge, carrying down four hundred steerage passengers. This disaster happened off the banks of Newfoundland.

NEWS ITEMS.

Judge Marvin, formerly United States District Judge for the Southern District of Florida, has been appointed Provisional Governor of that State by the President. This appointment completes the work of supplying all the States lately in rebellion with civil executives.

The Provisional Corps organized June 28 has been mustered out. A large number of the troops under command of General Augur have been discharged. The number of men in the navy will probably be reduced from nearly 70,000 to 15,000.

General Steele has demanded of the Imperialists in Mexico the ordnance given them by the rebel General Slaughter.

The *Pawnee*, screw, 15, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, lying near Washington, received a visit from the President on the 11th. The customary honors were paid him. The President's salute was fired. The marine band played a national air. The yards were manned, and all the ceremonies of a man-of-war were performed. The President then inspected the ship, and the sailors went through their evolutions with the guns.

Major-General Charles Devens has been assigned to the command of one of the military districts of Virginia, with his head-quarters at Fredericksburg.

Major-General R. S. Foster has resumed command, on his return from the court for the trial of the conspirators, of the first division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps.

Major-General Terry is about to receive $15,000 in seven-thirties from his Connecticut friends, and the degree of LL.D. from Union College.

Major-General Curtis has been assigned to the command of one of the military districts of Virginia, with his head-quarters at Lynchburg.

By order of Major-General Thomas the forts about Nashville have been named after soldiers of the Western Army who have died in the field, or by disease, as follows: Brigadier-General Daniel M'Cook, who died from the effects of a wound received upon the enemy's parapet, in the assault upon the rebel works at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. Major-General C. G. Harker, who was killed in the assault upon the enemy's works at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. General St. Clair Morton, United States Volunteers (and Major United States Engineers), former Chief Engineer of the Department of the Cumberland, who was killed near Petersburg, Virginia, June 17, 1864, in the assault upon the enemy by Wilcox's division, which he was accompanying. Brigadier-General J. W. Sill, United States Volunteers, who was killed at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel Julius P. Gareche, Assistant Adjutant-General United States Army, Assistant Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff to Major-General Rosecrans, commanding the Department of the Cumberland, killed at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862. Wm. L. Whipple, First-Lieutenant in the First Michigan Infantry during the war with Mexico, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment Michigan Infantry, of the present war. He died at Nashville, Tennessee, October 16, 1862, from disease caused by exposure in the camp. Colonel G. W. Dobb, Fourth Ohio Cavalry, who was killed on the evening of April 2, 1865, in the assault upon the rebel works at Selma, Alabama. Major B. C. G. Reed, One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who was killed in the battle on the Wilkinson turnpike, near Murfreesboro', Tennessee, December 7, 1864. Brigadier-General E. W. Kirk, United States Volunteers, who died at Chicago, Illinois, from wounds received at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862.

The family of Admiral Du Pont desire to contradict the statement, made without any authority, that he had left his prize-money, to the amount of $175,000, to a charitable institution in Washington. No such bequest was made, and the whole amount of the prize-money received by him was something short of $50,000.

The place of imprisonment of the assassination conspirators—Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Spangler—has been changed by the President from the Albany Penitentiary, as at first designated, to the Dry Tortugas, off the southern coast of Florida.

The log-house in which General Grant had his head-quarters at City Point during the late memorable siege of Petersburg and Richmond has been transported to Philadelphia, where, it is said, it is to be placed in one of the public squares.

In a speech which he made in Washington on Thursday, the 13th, Secretary of the Interior Harlan hoped that it might be the will of God, in the order of His providence, that the great American republic should be called upon to maintain against foreign invaders the inviolability of the soil of her sister republic of Mexico.

Our army on the Mexican frontier numbers upward of 70,000.

The rebel ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, in an address which he has issued to the people of that State, advises them to submit gracefully to the emancipation of their slaves, to take the oath of allegiance and qualify themselves for voters, to cheerfully join in maintenance of the national Government, to acquiesce in the measures taken for the restoration of civil government in their Commonwealth, and to give the administration of President Johnson a cordial support.

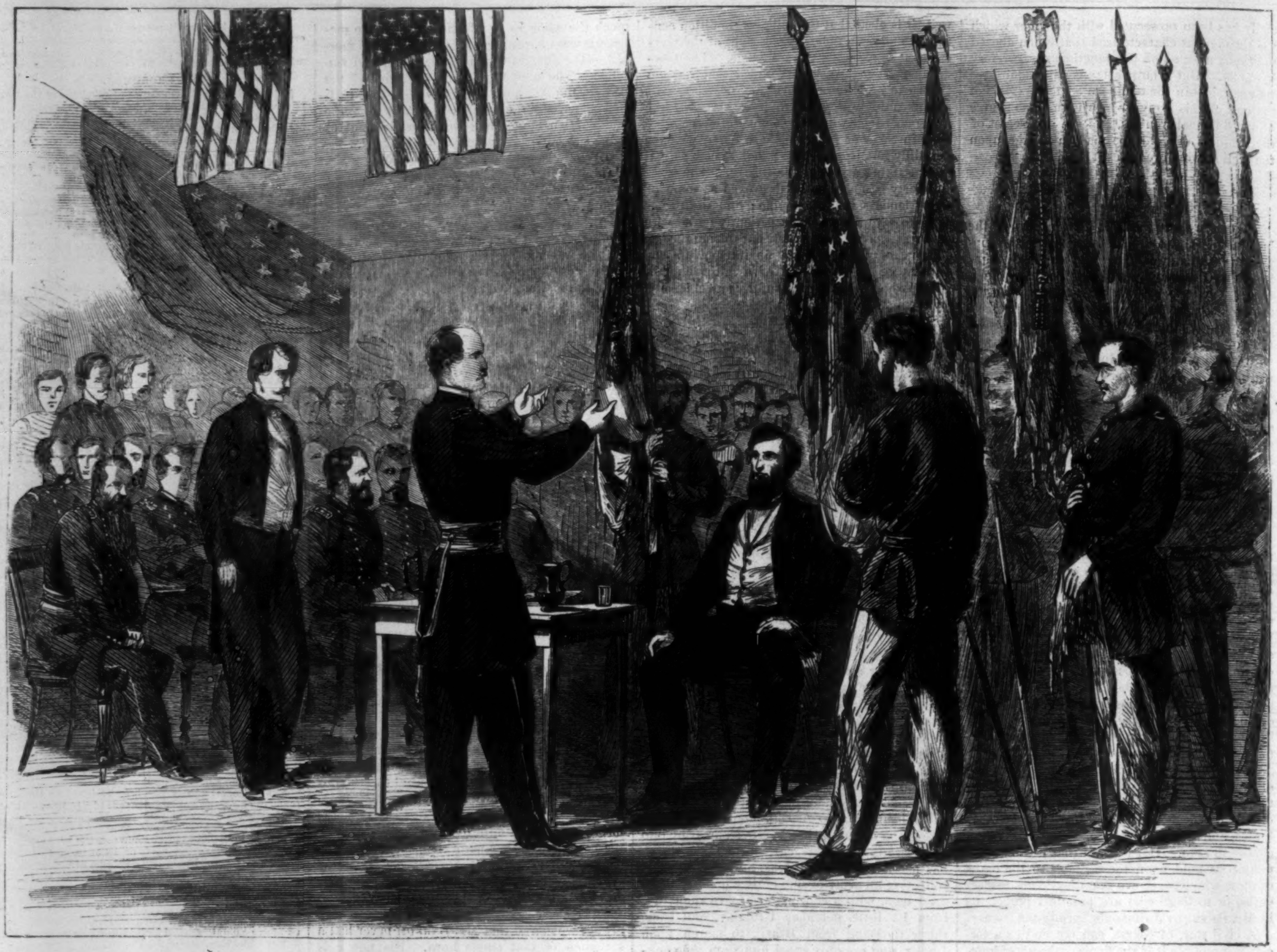
During the eleven months, ending on May 31, the gross receipts taken at Barnum's Museum amounted to two hundred and eighty thousand three hundred and forty-one dollars. Divided into quarters this will give about one million and a quarter of visitors for eleven months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM Havana we learn that the report that Captain Page, late commander of the *Stonewall*, had offered his services to the Mexican Government is contradicted.

Lord Westbury has resigned the Chancellorship. His successor is Lord Cranworth.—The Fourth was celebrated with great enthusiasm by American residents both at London and Paris.—The Queen's Speech at the dissolution of Parliament expresses great pleasure at the termination of the civil war in America, and the hope that prosperity will be restored in the States which have suffered from the contest. The Queen regretted that the Confederation scheme in British America had not been carried out.—American Seven-Thirties were quoted as high as 72.—The Spanish Government has unconditionally placed the war steamer *Stonewall* in the hands of the United States Government.

In Hayti the rebels still hold Cape Haytien, in spite of President Geffrard's forces. The place had been declared in a state of siege, but the want of vessels made it difficult for the Government to carry out its [illegible].

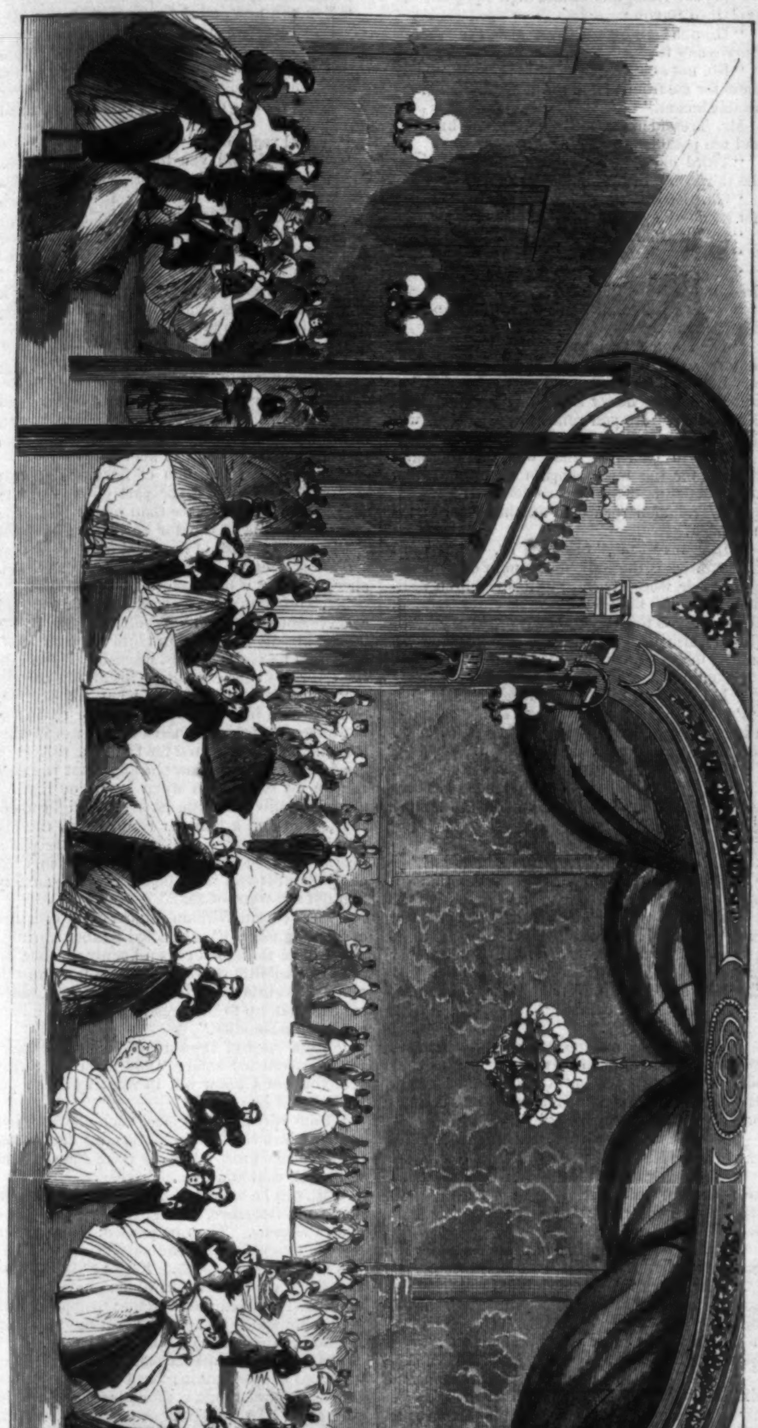


PRESENTATION OF TWO HUNDRED BATTLE-FLAGS TO GOVERNOR FENTON AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1865.

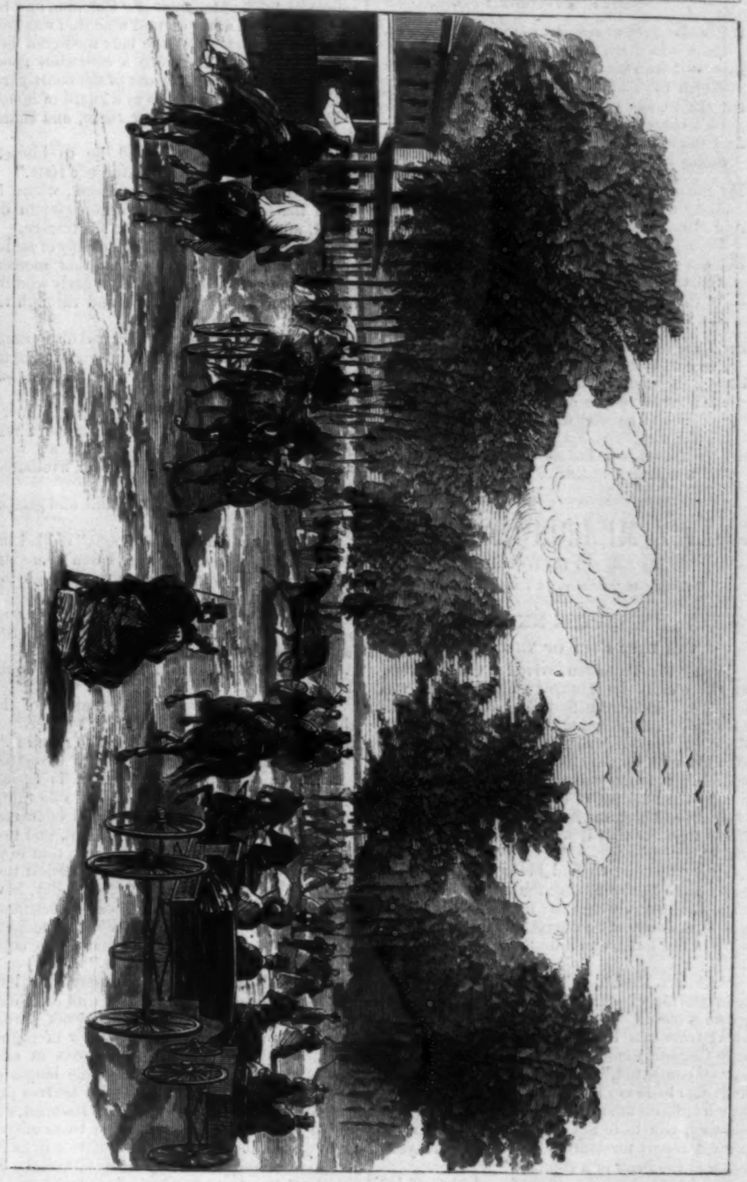
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GRAND DINNER GIVEN TO THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AT THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, JULY 4, 1865.

[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



GRAND BALL AT THE OPENING OF LELAND'S OPERA HOUSE, SARATOGA, July 4, 1865.—[Sketched by Davis.]



ON THE ROAD TO SARATOGA LAKE, July 4, 1865.—[Sketched by Davis.]

SARATOGA LAKE, July 4, 1865.—[Sketched by Davis.]

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

When we were at school together, Jack,
There was down on neither's cheek!
Now!—if we look back along our track—
Which has gained what he would seek?
For the woman you loved is lying
In a church-yard far away,
And the sunset, so swiftly dying,
Seems to you the best of the day.

My picture is in the Academy, Jack,
And they've hung it on the line;
And critics, good lack, discern a knack
Sublime in this daub of mine.
But the eyes I dreamed should see it,
And the lips, whose praise I'd prize,
Have passed from the world. So be it.
But I live when the daylight dies.

For I see over roof and chimney, Jack,
The gold in the western sky.
Though the present's black as the stormy wrack
The hour of release draws nigh.
For peace will be won when life is done—
Beyond the gloom lies the gold.
Oh, the sunset hour has for us a power
And a charm it lacked of old!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

When Mr. Trefalden arrived at Castletowers, at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, he was somewhat dismayed to find the court-yard crowded with carriages, the terrace full of ladies, and the open, lawn-like space in front of the house all alive with scarlet coats, horses, grooms, and hounds. Having walked across from the station by the field paths, he came upon the noisy scene all at once, and learned from half-a-dozen voices together that it was the last meet of the season.

Fully expecting to find his appointment forgotten, and Saxon among the riders, he passed on to the house, where the first person he met was Miss Colonna, en amazone, with her riding-whip in her hand, and a drooping feather in her hat.

"Ah, Mr. Trefalden," she said, "we have just been talking of you. You will find none but enemies here."

"I trust that I am not to include Mademoiselle Colonna among that number."

"Of course not," she replied, with a smile that had some little mockery in it. "Is not Mr. Trefalden enrolled among the Friends of Italy? By-the-way, you have not yet seen yourself in our printed report for March. I have placed your name at the head of a column."

The lawyer bowed, and professed himself infinitely flattered.

"May I ask," said he, "why I am so unfortunate as to have provoked all this enmity to which you refer?"

"Because your presence deprives us of the pleasure of your cousin's society, and prevents him from putting on a scarlet coat, and distinguishing himself as a mighty hunter before the ladies."

"When he would infallibly have broken his neck," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"By-the-by, why did you not tell me he was your cousin that day we met at Reichenau?" asked Miss Colonna, with provoking directness.

"I really can not tell—unless I supposed the fact could have no kind of interest for you."

"Or were you afraid I should want to enlist him also? But here is my steed."

"May I be permitted to mount you, Mademoiselle Colonna?"

"Many thanks," she said, as, having taken her tiny foot with the reverence of a devotee, Mr. Trefalden lifted her dextrously to the saddle and arranged the folds of her habit.

"I had really no idea, Mr. Trefalden, that you, a doctor learned in the law, were also an accomplished cavalier."

"Why not, Signora?"

"Indeed, I can hardly say; but I should as soon have thought of exacting escort duty from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Do you hunt?"

"I have hunted, but not for several years. I have no time for cruelty, as a fine art."

"A subtle distinction, I presume, between business and pleasure," said she, laughingly. "I beg you to understand, however, Mr. Trefalden, that *I* do not hunt at all. I only ride to cover, and see the hounds throw off. I love to hear their 'gallant chiding'—but I am always sorry for the fox."

"I fear Lord Castletowers will not indorse that amiable sentiment," replied the lawyer; as the Earl came running down the broad stone steps, followed by some five or six other gentlemen. Seeing Mademoiselle Colonna already in the saddle he bit his lip, and said, with unconcealed disappointment:

"Has Vaughan again anticipated me in my office?"

The proud blood rose to Olimpia's cheek.

"To assist a lady whose horse waits at the door is, I believe, the office of whatever gentleman may be at hand, Lord Castletowers," she replied, haughtily. "Mr. Trefalden was so obliging as to mount me this morning."

The Earl turned, in some confusion, and shook hands with his lawyer.

"I beg your pardon, Trefalden," he said, hastily. "I had not observed you. Won't you take a run with us? Ah no—I forgot. You are here to-day on business; but we shall meet at dinner. You will find your cousin in the dining-room."

And with this he sprang upon his black mare, reined up beside Mademoiselle Colonna, and began speaking in a low earnest tone that was audible to her alone. But the lady answered him briefly, bade Mr. Trefalden a courteous good-morning, and rode swiftly out of the court-yard, followed by the red-coats as by a guard of honor.

Mr. Trefalden looked after them, and smiled thoughtfully.

"Poor Castletowers!" said he to himself. "She has no heart for any thing but Italy."

And then he went into the house, where he found the breakfast over, the dining-room deserted, and every body out upon the terrace. It was a large assembly, consisting chiefly of ladies, and the general interest was at that moment centred in the hunting party, then gayly winding its way down the green slope and through the checkered shade of the oaks.

When the last gleam of scarlet had disappeared Mr. Trefalden went up to Saxon, who was standing somewhat dolefully apart from the rest, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"'Why so dull and mute, young sinner?' Is it so hard a fate to stay indoors and read through a bagful of musty parchments when others are breaking their necks over five-barred gates?"

Saxon turned with his frank smile and grasped his cousin's hand.

"It did seem hard a minute ago," replied he; "but now that you are come, I don't care any longer. Castletowers said we were to go into the library."

"Then we will go at once, and get our business over. I hope your brains are in good order for work this morning, Saxon."

But Saxon laughed, and shook his head doubtfully.

"You must be my brains in matters of this kind, cousin William," said he. "I understand nothing about money, except how to spend it."

"Then, my dear fellow, you know more than I gave you credit for," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Money is a very pleasant and desirable thing, but there are three great difficulties connected with it—how to get it, how to keep it, and how to spend it—and I am not at all sure that to do the last in the best way is not the hardest task of the three. My business with you to-day, however, concerns the second of those propositions. I want to show you how to keep your money; for I fear there are only too many who enjoy teaching you the way to spend it."

They had now reached the library, a long low room, paneled and furnished with dark oak, and looking out upon the same quiet garden that was commanded by the window of Signor Colonna's little study. The recesses at each side of the fire-place, and the whole length of the opposite wall, were fitted with shelves protected at the edges by strips of stamped and gilded leather. The books upon these shelves were mostly antique folios and quartos in heavy bindings of brown and mottled calf, and consisted of heavy archæological and theological works, county histories, chronologies, sermons, dictionaries, peerages, and parliamentary records. Here and there a little row of British essayists, or a few modern books in covers of bright cloth, broke the ponderous monotony; but the Castletowers collection, being chiefly made up of those works which it is said no gentleman's library should be without, was but a dull affair upon the whole, and attracted few readers. A stag's skull and antlers presided spectrally above the door, and an elaborate genealogical tree of the Castletowers family, heavily framed in old black oak, hung over the mantle-piece like a hatchment.

"Well, cousin William," said Saxon, with an anticipative yawn, "where is the bag of parchments?"

But Mr. Trefalden laid only his pocket-book and a small case-map on the table before him.

"The bag," he replied, "was but a figure of speech, a legal fiction. I have no parchments whatever to inflict upon you—nothing but a few columns of figures, a letter or two, and a map of Western Asia."

Saxon opened his eyes.

"What in the world have I to do with Western Asia?" said he.

"That is just what I am here to tell you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

"In the first place, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I have done for you what I suppose you would never have thought of doing for yourself: I have had your account made up at Drummond's. I confess that the result has somewhat surprised me."

"Why so?"

"Well not because you have spent a great deal of money in a very short time, for I anticipated that; but because so many of your checks appear to have gone into the pockets of your friends. Here, for instance, is the name of Sir Charles Burgoyne—a name which recurs no fewer than fourteen times within the space of five weeks. The first entry is for five hundred and twenty-five pounds; date, the twenty-first of March."

"That was for the mare and cab," said Saxon, quickly. "It was his own favorite mare, and he let me have her. He had been offered five hundred and fifty only a day or two before."

Mr. Trefalden smiled dubiously, and glanced back at a memorandum entered in his note-book a few weeks before when sitting behind that morning paper in a window of the Erectheum club-house. The memorandum told a different tale. He contented himself, however, with writing the words "mare and cab" against the sum, and then went on.

"Second check—six hundred and ten pounds; date, the twenty-ninth of March."

"My two riding-horses and their equipments," explained Saxon.

"Humph! and were these also Sir Charles Burgoyne's favorites?"

"No, not at all. He was kind enough to buy them for me from a friend who was reducing his establishment."

Mr. Trefalden checked off the six hundred and ten pounds as before.

"Third check—two thousand pounds; date, the thirty-first of March."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Saxon. "That's not spent—it's only borrowed."

"By Sir Charles Burgoyne?"

"Yes."

"And the next, for two thousand five hundred, dated April the third?"

"I—I rather think that's borrowed also," replied Saxon.

"Then come various smaller checks—four hundred, two hundred and fifteen, fifty-seven, one hundred and five, and so forth; and by-and-by another heavy sum—one thousand and fifty pounds. Do you remember what that was for?"

"Yes, to be sure; that was the thousand guineas for the mail phaeton and pair; and even Castletowers said it was not dear."

Mr. Trefalden turned to another page of his note-book.

"It seems to me," observed he, "that Lord Castletowers is the only young man of your acquaintance whose friendship has not been testified in some kind of pecuniary transaction. Here, now, is the Honorable Edward Brandon. Has he also been generously depopulating his stables in your favor?"

Saxon laughed and shook his head.

"I should think not, indeed!" said he. "Poor Brandon has nothing to sell. He hires a horse now and then when he has a sovereign to spare—and that is seldom enough."

"Which, being translated, means, I presume, that the two thousand and odd pounds paid over at different times to Mr. Brandon are simply loans?"

"Just so."

"And Gus Greville, Esquire—who is he?"

"One of our Erectheum men; but that's a mere trifle."

"You call two hundred and fifty pounds a mere trifle? Howard Patrick Fitz Hugh, Esquire—four hundred pounds. Is he another member of your club?"

"Yes, a very pleasant fellow, an Irishman."

"Both loans, of course?"

Saxon nodded.

"Then come a number of miscellaneous checks, evidently payments to tradesmen—one, I see, of nearly a thousand to Hunt and Roskell. How much of that went for the prima donna's bracelet, you young rogue?"

"I haven't the least idea. Gillingwater takes care of the bills."

"There is another little item that must not be forgotten," said the lawyer; "namely, that trifle of fifty-nine thousand pounds to one Lawrence Greatorex."

"Which is not spent, but deposited," said Saxon, sagely.

"Exactly so, and which might have been deposited to equal advantage in the crater of Vesuvius. But enough of details. Have you any notion of what the sum total amounts to?"

"None whatever."

"What do you say to seventy-eight thousand six hundred and twelve pounds?"

"I am afraid I have no original remarks to offer upon the fact," replied Saxon, with unabated cheerfulness. "What is your opinion, cousin William?"

"My opinion is that a young man who contrives to get through fourteen thousand pounds of uninvested capital per week would find the air of Hanwell highly conducive to his general health."

"But, cousin, do you think I have done wrongly in spending so much?"

"I think you have done foolishly, and obtained no kind of equivalent for your money. I also think you have been unscrupulously plundered by your acquaintances; but, after all, you have gained some little experience of life, and you can afford to pay for it. To tell you the truth, I foresaw something of this kind for you; and, having introduced you to Lord Castletowers, I purposely kept myself and my advice in the back-ground for a few weeks, and let you take your first plunge into the world in whatever way you pleased. I had no wish, Saxon, to play Mentor to your Telemachus."

"I should have been very grateful to you, though," said Saxon.

"Well, I am just going to begin, so you can be grateful by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden, with his pleasant smile. "I am here to-day for the purpose of inoculating you with financial wisdom, and pointing out to you how absolutely necessary it is that your fortune should be invested to advantage."

"You told me that before."

"Yes; but now I am about to prove it. Eight weeks ago, young man, you were worth four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds. Since that time you have disembarrassed yourself of a good deal of the odd money; but putting that aside, we will, if you please, for the sake of convenience, reckon your fortune in round numbers at four millions and a half."

"Certainly, at four millions and a half," repeated Saxon, wearily.

"Well, have you ever asked yourself how long your four millions and a half are likely to last if you simply go on as you have begun?"

"No; but they would last out my life, of course."

"They would last you just six years, nine weeks, and three days."

Saxon was speechless.

"You can now judge for yourself," said Mr. Trefalden, "whether your money ought or ought not to be placed at interest; and whether I am making myself needlessly obnoxious to you to-day, when you might have been galloping after the fox. What you require, Saxon, is a fixed income."

"Yes—I see that."

"And as I told you long since, your property, if well invested, will bring you a princely revenue. At five per cent. it will produce two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; and at seven and a half per cent. three hundred and seventy-five thousand—more than a thousand pounds a day. I believe, Saxon, that I have found you an investment at seven and a half per cent. for as much of your fortune as you may be inclined to put into it."

"A thousand pounds a day—seven and a half per cent.," stammered Saxon; "but isn't that usury, cousin William?"

"Usury!" repeated Mr. Trefalden, with an amused smile. "Why, my dear fellow, no man of business ever calculates on making less than seven or eight per cent. of his capital!"

"But then he *is* a man of business, and his skill and experience make part of his capital: so he ought to gain more than a rich idler who only invests his wealth for an income," replied Saxon, with a flash of practical good sense that showed how easily he could master even the science of money if he chose to think about it.

Mr. Trefalden was positively startled. He had so accustomed himself of late to think of his young kinsman as a mere child in worldly affairs, that he had, perhaps, insensibly fallen into the error of under-estimating his abilities.

"There is some truth in what you observe, Saxon," said he; "but it is a truth that does not affect the present question. It would take too long, and lead us too far from the subject in hand, to go into it philosophically; but you may rely on my experience when I tell you that, as a private individual, you have every right to accept seven and a half per cent., if you can obtain it with safety. My aim is to insure you a liberal income; and if I have been somewhat tardy about it you must blame my over-anxiety and not my want of zeal."

"Dear cousin William, I have never dreamed of blaming either!" exclaimed Saxon, warmly.

"I have throughout been keenly sensible of the responsibility that devolves upon me in this matter," continued Mr. Trefalden. "And I confess that, up to the present time, I have been cautious to timidity."

"I am sure of it—sure of it," said Saxon, with outstretched hand; "and I am so heartily grateful that I know not in what words to put all I should like to say."

"I am very glad you place such confidence in me," replied the lawyer, returning the young man's cordial grasp; but the voice and the hand were both cold and unimpulsive.

With this he turned to his papers, placed them ready for reference, and opened out the map upon the table. Then he paused, as if collecting his thoughts upon the subject on which he was next about to speak. Prompt man of business as he was, one might almost have thought that Mr. Trefalden was reluctant to approach the very topic which he had come all the way from London to discuss. At length he began.

"Like most cautious persons, Saxon, I am no friend to speculation; but I do not, like those who are over-cautious, confound speculation with enterprise. In England our great public works are almost invariably originated and conducted by private bodies; and herein lies the chief spring of our national prosperity. Enterprise has made us what we are—mere speculation would have ruined us. What I have to propose to you, Saxon, is an enterprise of extraordinary importance, a gigantic enterprise, as regards its result, and one of comparatively trifling magnitude, as regards its cost. But you must give me all your attention."

"Indeed, I am doing so."

"I need not ask if you know the ordinary line of route from England to India, by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea?"

"The Overland Route? Certainly—upon the map."

"And you know the track of our merchant vessels to India and China, round the Cape of Good Hope?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then oblige me by glancing at this map, and following the line which I have marked upon it in red ink. It begins, you see, at Dover, and proceeds by Calais and Marseilles to Alexandria, where—"

"But I see two red lines crossing the Mediterranean," interrupted Saxon.

"We will follow this one first. At Alexandria it joins the railway, is carried across the Isthmus to Suez, thence traverses the Red Sea to Aden, and proceeds by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. This route is the prescriptive property of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company. Following it one may travel from London to Bombay in twenty-four days; and we have hitherto been accustomed to regard the accomplishment of this fact as one of the triumphs of modern civilization."

"And so it is!" exclaimed Saxon.

"Ay, but it costs over a hundred pounds," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and the traveler who can not afford so large a fare must go round by the Cape, and so lose either ninety-four days in a steamer, or four months in a sailing vessel. Now look at my other red line, and see where it departs from the first."

"It passes through the straits of Messina, touches at Cyprus instead of at Malta, and goes direct to Sidon, instead of to Alexandria," said Saxon, now both surprised and interested.

"Precisely so; and from Sidon takes an al-

most direct course to Palmyra, whence it follows the valley of the Euphrates, and comes out upon the Persian Gulf at the point where the united waters of the Euphrates and Tigris empty themselves into the sea, one hundred and thirty miles below Korna."

"And then it goes straight down the Persian Gulf and over to Bombay," said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden looked up with his finger on the map.

"If," said he, "this line from Sidon to the sea represented a fine railway, in connection with a first-class steam-packet service at either extremity, which route to India do you think you would prefer?"

"This, of course. No man in his senses could do otherwise. The distance, to begin with, must be much less?"

"About twelve or fourteen hundred miles."

"And then there would be far more of the journey performed by land—and through what a land! Palmyra—the plains of Babylon—Bassora— By Jove! One would make the journey to India for the mere sake of visiting places so famous in the history of the ancient world!"

"I confess that I regard this project from a less archæological point of view," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Now hear the practical side of it; and understand that I am giving you only approximate facts—facts in the rough, before they have been squared and smoothed by surveyors and accountants. We calculate that this line of railway will extend over about seven hundred and fifty, or eight hundred miles; that is to say, it will exceed the line now laid down between Calais and Toulon by not more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. It will unquestionably draw to itself the whole merchant traffic of India, China, Persia, and Ceylon. It will be the nearest route to Australia, and it will bring Bombay within twelve or fourteen days of London."

"It takes one's breath away!" said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, a smile of quiet triumph.

"But this is not all," said he. "We have reason to believe that at Hit, where there are mineral springs, we shall find coal; and as Hit lies very nearly half-way between Sidon and the Gulf, we shall be enabled to supply our steam-service at both shores, and our whole line of railway from one central source."

"Those must be the bituminous fountains mentioned by Herodotus," said Saxon, quickly; "the fountains of Is that supplied asphalte for cementing the walls of Babylon!"

"If possible, Saxon, oblige me by confining your attention to the nineteenth century," expostulated the lawyer. "Try to think of Babylon as a railway station, and of Palmyra as a place where the guard allows twenty minutes for refreshments. Yes—I knew that would appall you. Now, perhaps you will give me your opinion of the New Overland Route."

"My opinion!" repeated Saxon. "You might as well ask my opinion of the geology of Uranus!"

"That is the very consideration which deters me from recommending it to you as an investment."

"Oh, you need not let it do that," laughed Saxon. "I am as ignorant of one business matter as another. I told you just now that you must be my brains, whenever money came in question!"

"But what makes it still more difficult is, that in this case I may not let you benefit by any other person's brains," replied Mr. Trefalden. "There are many interests to be combated in the promotion of such a scheme as this; and it is of importance that we keep it, for the present, profoundly secret. Whether you interest yourself in it or not, I must bind you over, Saxon, to breathe no word of this matter to any living ear."

Saxon gave the promise unhesitatingly, but did not understand why it should be necessary.

"Because we must not rouse opposition before our system is matured," explained Mr. Trefalden.

"But if the new route is so great an improvement," urged Saxon, "who would oppose it?"

"All those persons who are interested in the old one," replied his cousin, smiling. "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company—the shareholders and directors of the Suez Railway—the forty thousand English who colonize Alexandria."

"And would all those persons be ruined?"

"Every reformation ruins somebody," observed Mr. Trefalden, philosophically.

"Yes, but the reformer is bound to balance present evil against future good. Would the future good, in this case, outweigh the present evil?"

"Unquestionably."

"In what way?"

Mr. Trefalden was momentarily puzzled. He had contemplated this subject from all sides except the one now presented to him. The benevolent point of view had never occurred to him.

"Well," he suggested, "it will give employment to thousands—"

"But it will throw thousands out of employment."

"—it will promote commerce, extend the boundaries of civilization, improve Arabia—"

"I wouldn't help to ruin forty thousand English for the sake of improving Arabia," interrupted Saxon, hastily.

"—and bring the shores of England and Hindostan so near that, were another mutiny to break out, we could land our troops at Bombay within twelve days after receiving the intelligence. The value of that possibility alone is incalculable."

"That is true; but—"

"And of our absolute success," continued Mr. Trefalden, "there can be no kind of doubt. I have been almost unwilling, Saxon, to embark you in an enterprise the advantages of which, however obvious to practical men, are not open to immediate test; but it is my duty to tell you that I have never known so brilliant an opening for the employment of capital."

"But—"

"Seven and a half per cent is merely the rate of interest offered by the company while the works are in progress; but when once the route is completed the returns will be enormous. Your seven and a half per cent., my dear fellow, will become twenty-five, perhaps fifty."

"I don't want twenty-five, or fifty," replied Saxon. "I have more money now than I know what to do with."

"I am sure you will always make good use of whatever wealth you possess," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And it would break my heart to injure all those who live by the present system. Why, for instance, should I desire to ruin the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company?"

"We hope to do no such thing," said Mr. Trefalden. "We shall propose a coalition, and probably employ the very same vessels."

"And then the English colony at Alexandria!"

"Sidon will become what Alexandria is now—or rather will become a far more important place than Alexandria has ever been since the days of her ancient prosperity. Just as we now require banks, warehouses, quays, and churches at Alexandria, we shall then require them at Sidon. The Alexandrian colonists are wealthy and enterprising: they will simply remove to the new port, and in ten years' time will be richer than if they had remained where they were."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do not think it; I know it. And the Suez Railway Company will fare no worse than the rest. We shall in all probability take their whole body of officials into our service, and incorporate the shareholders' interests with our own. But the fact is, Saxon, you know too little of life to be able to judge a question of this kind; and I see you do not take kindly to the idea, so we will say no more about it."

"I could not have borne to do harm," said Saxon; "but now that you explain the matter so fully, I am quite willing—"

But Mr. Trefalden would not hear of it.

"No, no," he said, coldly, gathering up his papers and folding his map. "I was anxious to do all that was possible for your interests; but it is, perhaps, better that you have nothing to say to the New Route."

"Yet, if you think well of it—"

"I think so well of it, that I am about to invest all I possess in the company's shares; but that need not influence you. In point of fact, Saxon, I had rather leave your money in the funds. You will get only three per cent.; but then you can re-invest when you please, and the responsibility of advising you will be mine no longer."

"You are vexed with me, cousin William!"

"I regret that you think me capable of advising you to do what would not be right," replied Mr. Trefalden, somewhat stiffly.

"But I think nothing of the kind! I was in error just now; but, as you said only a moment before, I know nothing of life, so pray do not hold me accountable for the sins of my ignorance."

"Tush! not another word," said the lawyer, kindly. "You have said more than enough."

"And the investment?"

"With regard to the investment, I think the most satisfactory course will be for me to leave your money in government stock, at three per cent. Even so it will bring you one hundred and thirty-five thousand per annum."

"As you please. It will be less trouble to spend, and make me quite as happy!"

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"It will also leave you with less to give, and less power to make others happy," said he.

The careless smile faded from Saxon's lip.

"I wish I knew what I ought to do!" he exclaimed, with an impatient sigh. "What do you really *wish* me to do, cousin William?"

"I had rather not say more than I have already said," replied Mr. Trefalden. "You have had my advice."

"So I have—and of course I ought to follow it. You won't refuse to help me to do so?"

"Certainly not. You need only make your decision, and give me your instructions."

"I have decided. Invest the money, by all means, and let there be an end of it."

"And how do you wish me to invest it, Saxon?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with his pen in the ink.

"In the New Route, of course!"

"In one hundred pound shares, in the New-Overland-Route-Steam-Packet and Railway-Company, Limited," said the lawyer, scribbling rapidly. "And to what amount?"

"To whatever amount you think proper."

"Shall we say to the extent of two millions?"

"Why only two? What is to be done with the rest?"

Mr. Trefalden stooped over his writing, and a keen observer might have seen that he changed color.

"I do not recommend you," he said, "to invest more at present. As it is, you will be the largest shareholder on the list; and by-and-by, if the company should see fit to raise further capital, you can purchase additional shares. I must trouble you to sign this paper, Saxon—it is a power of attorney, which gives me authority to sell out your two millions."

The young fellow took his cousin's pen and scrawled his name as carelessly as if he were signing away a couple of pounds.

"You ought never to subscribe your name to a paper without reading it," said Mr. Trefalden. "Remember that. By-the-way, Saxon, I shall see that you are entered as a director."

"As a director, if you please, then, who is not expected to do any thing," replied Saxon, laughing. "Are you also a director?"

"No; I am only solicitor to the company. But now that our business is settled, would you not like to glance over these tables of estimates? Here, you see, is a plan of the route, and here the probable cost per mile, including—"

"I beg your pardon, cousin William," interrupted Saxon, "but if our business *is* settled, I protest against hearing another word about the route. For pity's sake let us go out and forget all about it!"

"I fear," said Mr. Trefalden, "that you are utterly incorrigible."

"I know I am. Do you ride?"

"Yes, now and then."

"Then we will go in search of the hunting-party."

So Mr. Trefalden put his tables of estimates back into his pocket-book, and business was banished beyond recall. Then they went round to the stables, and Saxon ordered out his two thorough-breds.

"I trust you have not forgotten what I said to you at Reichenau on the subject of fetters, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they cantered presently across the park. "Mademoiselle Colonna is a dangerous neighbor. Beware of her."

Saxon laughed gayly.

"Fear nothing on my account, cousin William," said he. "I have the advantage of Achilles—there isn't a vulnerable point about me."

"We are all apt to think so till the arrow finds us out. However, if even your heart is safe, I still say beware—for your check-book. Has the Signora levied no patriotic tax upon you yet?"

"None whatever."

"That's ominous, with a revolt actually in progress. She is reserving her strength that the blow may fall the heavier when it comes. All I implore is, Saxon, that when Mademoiselle Colonna, or her father, shall solicit your support, you will confine yourself to a money contribution, and pledge yourself to nothing foolish."

"Of course not; but what else could I pledge myself to?"

"Heaven knows! She is capable of asking you to take the command of a troop."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE DEATH-BED OF A SCOTCH FARMER.—"The old man put his hand feebly from under the bed-clothes. 'I'm glaid to see ye, dawtie,' he said, still without opening his eyes. 'I ave wantit to see mair o' ye, for ye're jist sic a bairn as I wad hae liket to hae mysel', gin it had pleased the Lord. Ye're a douce, God-fearin' lassie, and He'll tak care o' his ain.'—Here his mind began to wander again.—'Marget,' he said, 'is my een steekit, for I think I see angels?'—'Ay are they; close eneuch.'—'Weel, that's verra weel. I'll hae a sleep noo.'—He was silent for some time. Then he reverted to the fancy that Annie was the first of the angels come to carry away his soul, and murmured, brokenly, 'Whan ye tak it up, be carefu' hoo ye han'le 't, baith for it's some weyk, and for it's no ower clean, and micht blaud the bonnie white han's o' sic God-servers as yersels. I ken mysel' there's ae spot ower the hert o' 't, whilk cam o' an ill word I gied a bairn for steelin' a neep. But they did steal a hantle that year. And there's anither spot upo' the richt han', whilk cam o' ower gude a bargain I made wi' auld John Thamson at Glass fair. And it wad never come oot wi' a' the soap and water—Hoots, I'm haverin'! It's upo' the han' o' my soul, whaur soap and water can never come. Lord, dight it clean, and I'll gie him 't a' back whan I see him in thy kingdom. And I'll beg his pardon forbye. But I didna chait him a'thegither. I only tuik mair nor I wad hae gi'en for the colt mysel'. And min' ye dinna lat me fa' gaein' throu the lift.'"

HE can not be called an honest man who speaks without uttering truth, or who acts without being sure that he does right. Simplicity and honesty of purpose will deter him, in the latter case, until the necessary knowledge has been acquired; and he will in the former case close his lips until he is able to utter true and right words. It is vanity which causes men to *hazard* opinions, as if they were communicating knowledge and asserting truths. It is vanity which makes them controvert each other's statements, and proceed to argue for their own. Argument is a confession that their words have not the weight and "ring" of true coin. It is an acknowledgment of doubt. Navigators do not argue about the position of a shoal or a quicksand, for they know it. Neither is there discussion among those whom an earnest purpose drives on to act. If a man has a truth to announce he simply announces it. The hearers either know that it is true, and accept it; or else they do not know, and have doubts. An earnest man in such a case investigates; he seeks knowledge, and comes to a verdict. Similarly if a man makes a false statement, it is at once rejected as false, or else disproved after investigation and inquiry. There is no argument. For when an earnest man hears an assertion he sifts it until he gets to the bottom of the speaker's meaning, and succeeds in putting the thing clearly before him. Then he is able to judge if it is true, or a mere fiction of the brain. Many men are the echoes of other's sayings. The opinions which they reiterate have all been borrowed. That which it flattered an idle curiosity to hear, it gratifies their prurient vanity to repeat. A man of this character can not be questioned to any profit. His meaning can not be sifted; for he has no meaning in what he says. Ask him the import of one of his words, and you will find that there is no image in his mind to correspond to it.

A PIG WITH A WOODEN LEG.—A tailor in Coupar-Angus, who had a pig which got one of its legs broken, has replaced the injured limb with a wooden one. It is curious to see the animal hobbling about, but it is thriving as well as before the accident.

"MARRIED FOR MONEY!"—Every atom of the long procession that now comes sweeping up the aisle cries aloud these words. Autumn leaves, indeed! Can that weird old woman with the painted, wizened face, and false hair and teeth, and robes of virgin white—of youthful, fresh, unsullied *white*, a ghastly mockery!—can she doubt for one moment that the handsome young craven, who has been brought by his extravagance and his friends to this horrible pass, marries her for her money, and loathes her in his soul? Impossible! And yet, with the hideous beauty of a woman who has not learned that most difficult of all things, how to be old gracefully, she affects to regard it as something other and beyond the purely mercantile transaction which in reality it is. As he stands there perjuring himself, and while she grins horribly a smile that must plant a dagger in the false heart which had once warmed to the smile of another—ay, that even yet has power to warm it—we can scarcely decide which of the two has our deeper contempt, the man who has sold himself, or the woman who has bought him. But as we can not satisfactorily settle the question, we leave it undetermined, and come out from the oppressive presence of those who are, with vows before God, contracting a perjured and unholy bargain.

EMIGRATION FROM THE CONTINENT.—An article from a Swedish paper contains a great deal of interesting matter concerning emigration from the Continent in this century. From Germany, between 1840 and 1860, there departed for other lands 1,546,000, nearly all of whom went to America; Switzerland, between 1851 and 1852, lost 24,000 of her citizens, who went to transatlantic countries; in the forty years ending 1860 not less than 208,000 Frenchmen emigrated to countries on the other side of the Atlantic, besides 120,000 who emigrated to Algeria and Senegal. The North American States absorbed 27,000 emigrants from Italy and Spain. In the short period of three years not less than 25,000 Portuguese took up their residence in Brazil; whereas not more than 2600, at the outside, emigrated to America in the forty years, including 1860. Of Belgians 80,000 went to the United States between 1851 and 1860. From 1851 to 1857 there left Holland 30,000. How many have quitted Sweden and Denmark there are no means of ascertaining, but in the former country 15,000 persons were supplied with passports between 1851 and 1860; while from Denmark, from 1820 to 1860, the number of emigrants did not exceed 6000; the greater part went to the Mormons.

FROM very old times the kings and queens of England have been mediators in, or managers of, the love-affairs of their subjects. The kings were chiefly managers, in the sense that they were guardians of marriageable ladies, and sold permissions to wed at rather costly prices. The queens were of more womanly purpose; there was heart in what *they* did. This was especially the case with Margaret of Anjou, in her few happy and untroubled days. Very few letters written by Margaret are extant; but for this there is good reason. The York government made the possession of them a capital crime, and thus the queen's letters were destroyed by their timid owners. Some few addressed to, and preserved by, a bolder spirit have been discovered, and recently published by the Camden Society. The most remarkable passages in them are those which relate to the love-affairs of some of her husband's subjects. These latter are not all nymphs and swains of high degree; some among them are lowly, loving damsels, and correspondingly suitable suitors, who implore the queen's good offices in their behalf. Such royal service seems to have been heartily rendered. Margaret had a high reverence for the honorable estate of marriage, and from her willing pen flowed earnest letters to sires reluctant to yield consent, to great personages to aid in furthering the objects of the young people, and now and then to a coy maiden dallying with "yes," not willing to say "no," and altogether inflicting pleasing pain on her manly wooer, who has—as she is told—her fair person in worship, and divine behests in reverence.

A CHURCH bell has been ordered at Troy for Great Salt Lake City. They say it is to call Brigham Young's wives together. Brigham divides his affection among three hundred and sixty-five ladies (one for each day in the calendar).

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—In the year 1863 the bullion, gold and silver, imported into India exceeded the export of bullion from India by a value of £19,398,315—namely, gold £6,848,159 and silver £12,550,156. In 1864 the import exceeded the export by £21,629,751—namely, gold £8,893,334, and silver £12,736,417. The total thus absorbed in India from the year 800 has exceeded £256,000,000. The bullion, gold and silver, coined in India, amounted to £9,382,132 in 1863, and £11,479,685 in 1864, and the total from the year 1800 has exceeded £231,000,000.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Beatrice de Cenci was remarkable for her beautiful golden hair, and a golden lock that once glittered on the head of Lucrezia Borgia now lies quietly among the treasures of the Vatican. Queen Catharine Parr's hair was of this rare and splendid hue: Miss Strickland, who possesses a ringlet taken from this queen's head, after she had lain in her grave for more than two hundred years, describes it as exactly resembling threads of burnished gold; and singularly enough the daughter of Catharine's rival was rich in the same respect. Elizabeth was proud of her golden hair, and delighted to display it for the admiration of her courtiers. Of course her foes declared it was red, not golden; and in a miniature of the time the painter has certainly lent color to the libel—as libel it undoubtedly was, for, some half dozen years ago, a lock of the great queen's hair was discovered in a copy of Sidney's *Arcadia* at Wilton. It had been presented to the chivalric poet by Elizabeth, and is described as soft, silky, and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown color, without a tinge of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

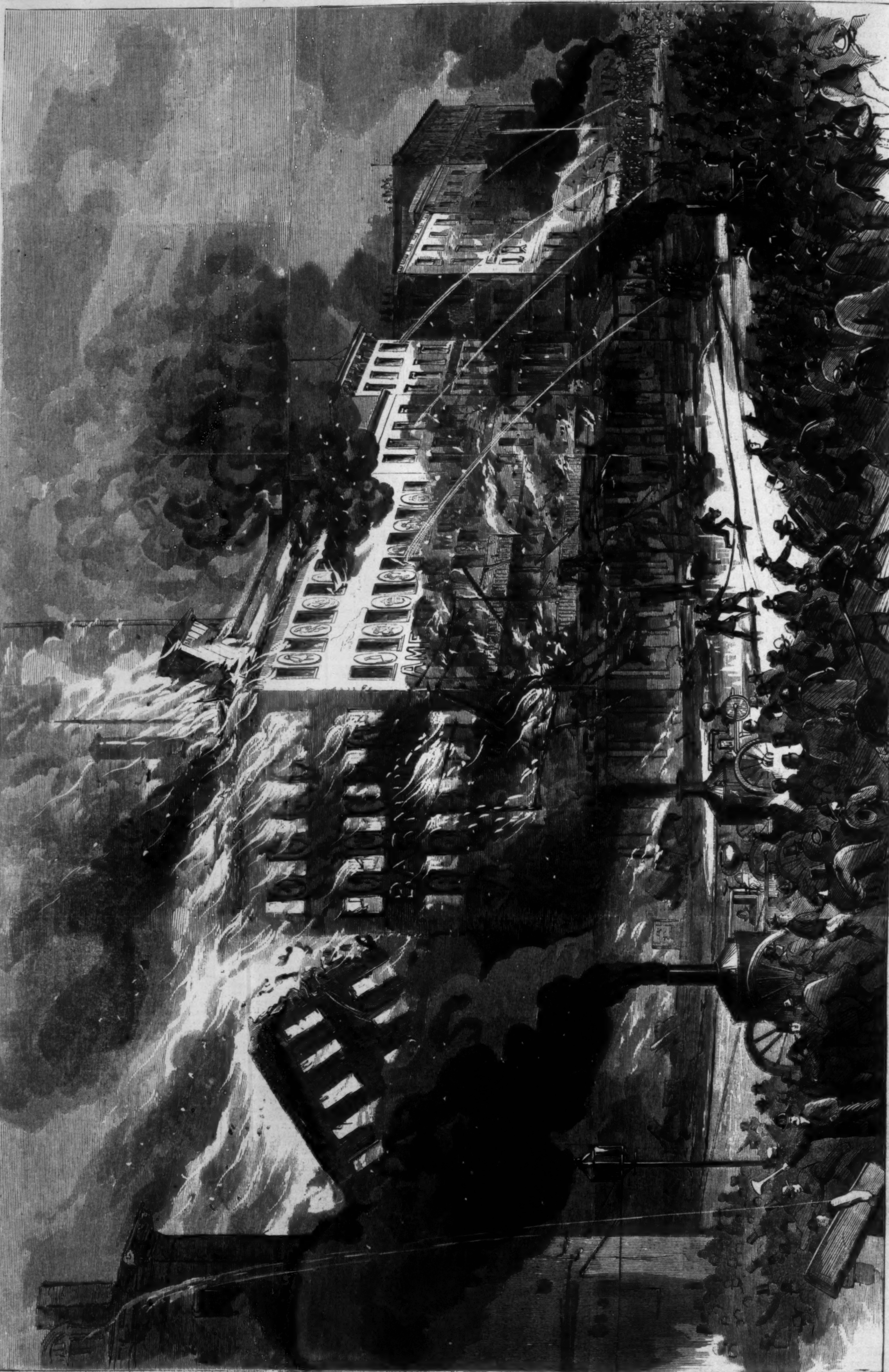
ADVANTAGES OF CRITICISM.—A journeyman hatter, a companion of Dr. Franklin, on commencing business for himself, was anxious to get a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. This he composed himself, as follows: "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words "makes hats," which showed he was a hatter; it was struck out. The next observed that the word "makes" might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out also. A third said he thought that the words "for ready money" were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit—every one who purchased expected to pay. These, too, were parted with, and the inscription then stood, "John Thompson sells hats." "*Sells* hats!" says his next friend; "why, who expects you to give them away? What, then, is the use of the word?" It was struck out, and *hats* was all that remained attached to the name John Thompson. Even this inscription, brief as it was, was reduced ultimately to "John Thompson," with the figure of the hat subjoined.

IT is a remarkable fact that electricity travels so rapidly that it may be sent through gunpowder without igniting it, and it is only when the current is retarded that an explosion takes place. The progress of electricity is swifter than that of light, being about two hundred miles a second.

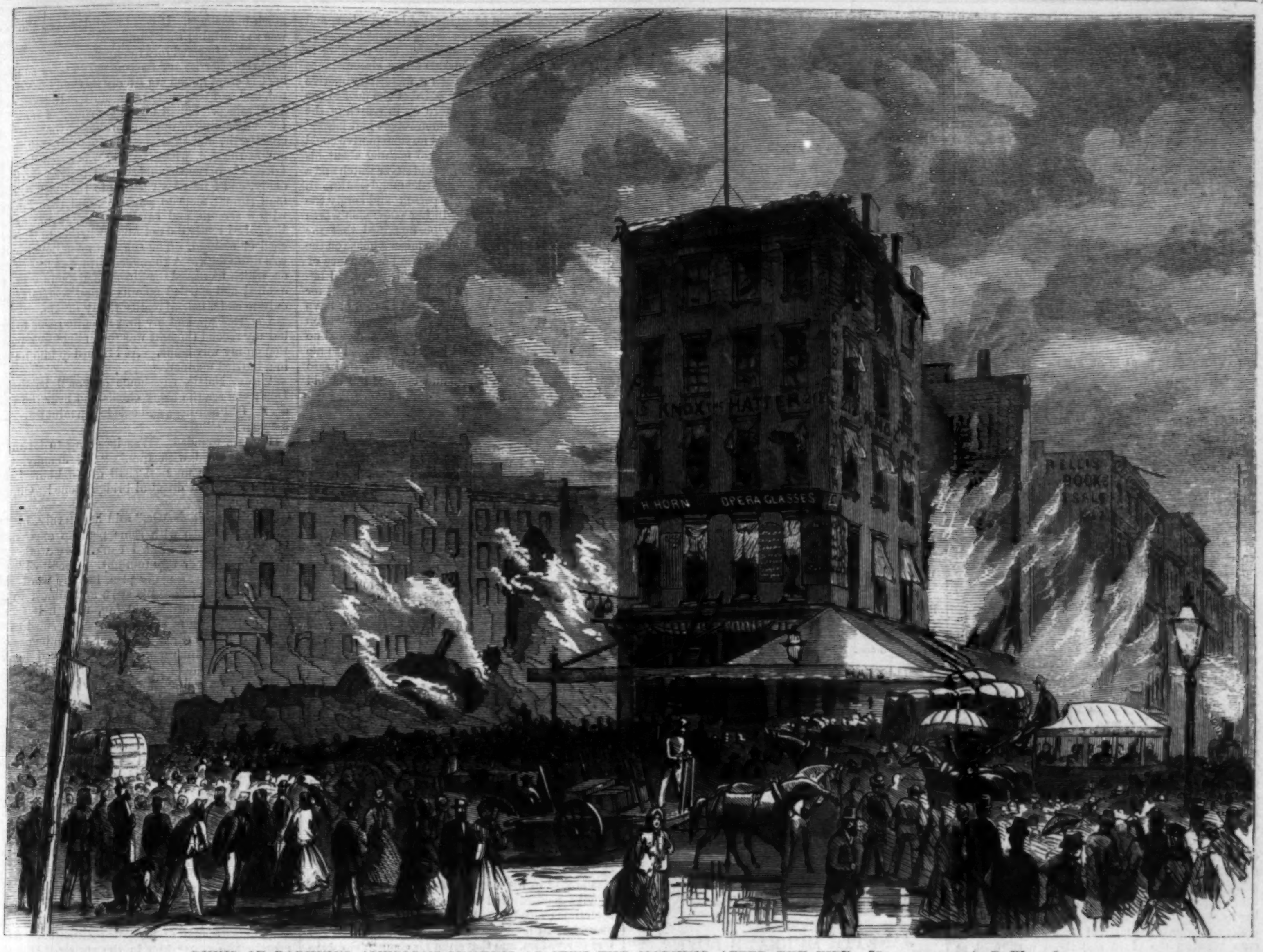
HOME EDUCATION COMBINED WITH PUBLIC EDUCATION.—Happiest, perhaps, of all if they knew it, are those in whom the advantages of school instruction are combined with the blessings of home education; for never let a parent imagine that he can delegate altogether the office with which God has intrusted him, deputing all its duties, and retaining its endearments. God has charged him with his children, and God will call him to account. It matters not how perfect the discipline, how sound the instruction, by which the loss of parental education is compensated. These things can not give that from which they essentially differ; something else they may give—something lofty and admirable, fruitful in practical talents and in manly virtues—but they can not counterfeit a parent's love such as it ought to be, nor a parent's care such as it ought to be, for the souls of his children. It is well, therefore, when the latter are not wholly exchanged for the former—when the influence of home is not wholly suspended, but remains, as it were, in the back-ground, to exercise a softening and hallowing power over hearts no longer all its own.

A WONDERFUL STONE.—It is said that a mad-stone, in the possession of Sister Elizabeth, formerly of the Catholic school in Lafayette, now of Valparaiso, cured more than fifty persons who had been bitten by mad dogs. The stone acts as a leech, and, applied to the wound, absorbs all the poison.

TOO LATE!—Alas! how many hearts have ceased to beat with the wild pulsation of hope when those cruel, crushing words have fallen on the ear, leaving only the *utter* blankness of despair! How often have the struggles of long weary years realized a fortune *too late!* How often we have all found what we coveted most—*friends, power, love*—but *too late!* How madly happy it would have made us once, before our trust had been deceived, and our spirit broken! It sickens us now, for we had given up the thought of it long ago, and turn from it even as the dying beggar turns from food, the want of which has killed him.



THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, IN NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

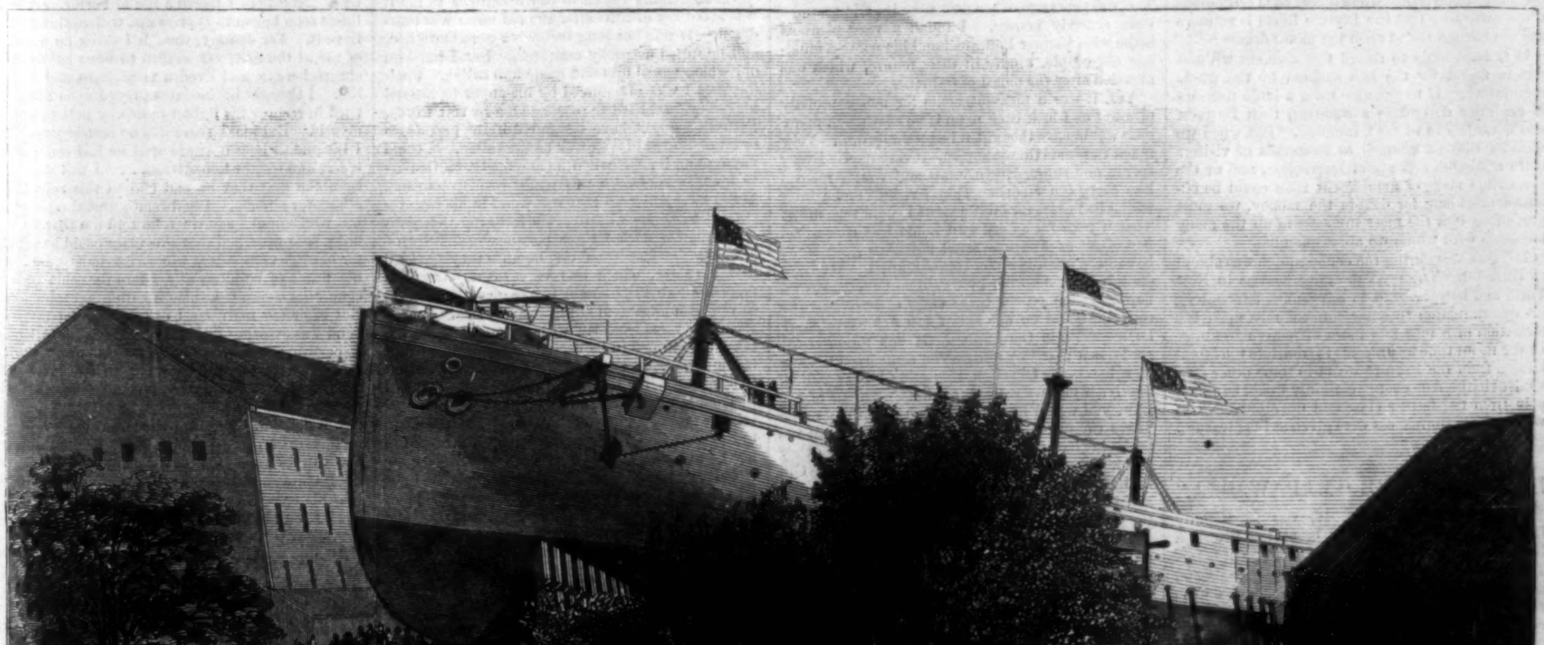


RUINS OF BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM AS SEEN THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

THOUGH not the oldest, yet certainly the most notable of the landmarks of our city, has been removed by fire. Last winter, it will be remembered, there was an attempt made by a rebel spy to set fire to BARNUM'S American Museum, on the corner of Park Row and Ann Street. What the plot of the incendiary failed to do accident has successfully accomplished, and the Museum lies in ashes.

The fire broke out in the basement, from the contact of the heated boiler of the engine with dry wood, at about half after 12 o'clock on Thursday, July 13. The hour for such a catastrophe could not have been more fitly chosen. There were comparatively few persons in the Museum, and these all escaped without injury. Very little of the property in the Museum was rescued—the live seal, a box of rare coins, and a few things of trivial value, were all, we believe, that was saved. In half an hour after the outbreak of the fire the whole building was in flames; and the long serpent tongues of fire pierced the windows, and, lapping the transparencies and painted shields upon the walls, ascended



LAUNCHING OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP "MADAWASKA," JULY 8, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. A. BERGER, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

high above the roof. The spectacle was one of the most splendid which we ever beheld. There were many valuable trophies consumed upon this massive funeral pyre. There were the uniforms worn by the heroes of the Revolution, the tools and specimens of the handiwork of the American Indians, specimens of the mineral and animal kingdoms, brought from every quarter of the world, and among these the most beautiful collection of tropical fishes ever got together. There, too, was the Egyptian mummy, which had defied decay for three thousand years, but was now compelled to yield to the element of fire. These things could not be reproduced, and were therefore invaluable. Other curiosities like the wax-figures could easily be replaced. The two new whales which Barnum had just transported from Labrador at great cost were roasted alive, as were all the members of the Happy Family.

As soon as it became known that Barnum's Museum was on fire thousands of eager and excited spectators — men, women, and children, some of whom were yet at the breast—rushed to the scene of the fire. They were densely packed together in the Park, and in front of St. Paul's Church and the Astor House, and gazed with eyes intent upon the gigantic humbug which some unearthly gnome seemed to be playing upon the veteran showman, whose name has become a household word. A panic occurred among these spectators at an early stage of the fire, caused by the unearthly scream of one of the steam fire-engines, which was magnified into an occasion of fear. The rush for a few minutes was very violent, though no fatal injuries resulted.

At half past two o'clock the walls of the Museum had fallen and the fire had spread to a large number of the adjacent buildings. There was just enough wind stirring to fan the flames. Eighteen houses were set ablaze, and about half of these were totally destroyed. Among the latter was Knox's hat store on the corner of Fulton Street.

Mr. Barnum began his career as showman, in 1835, by exhibiting Joyce Heth, a colored woman reputed to have been the nurse of George Washington. This proved a lucky speculation, and out of its proceeds Barnum inaugurated a traveling show. In 1841 he bought Scudder's Museum, for which he paid in one year, and added to it the contents of Peale's Museum. Scudder's Museum had been founded in 1810, and the building has since been used by Barnum, with a considerable addition on the lower side. This Museum was the only place of resort for amusement that could be called universal. Those living in this city visited it periodically. The first thing to be done by the sight-seeing visitor to the city was to go to Barnum's. Among the many attractions one of the chief was the Lecture Room, with its dramatic performance three times a day. Barnum had a magnificent advantage over other theatrical managers—that of appreciating the value of a name. It was a happy thought of his, that of inaugurating his plays under the name of the "Moral Drama." The difference between the plays and those performed at other theatres was not discernible. Every thing which belonged to any play—even the ballet girls—belonged also to the plays at the Museum. And yet clergymen with their families, and hosts of others who would have deemed it a disgrace to have attended Wallack's or Niblo's, would sit with a good conscience in the "Lecture Room" listening to something which was called a moral drama. What will become of these people who support such scrupulous consciences now that the Lecture Room is no more and the curtain closed upon the moral drama?

It is impossible to record this accident without sincere regret for the loss suffered by the whole community. If to presume upon a large measure of credulity designates a humbug, then Barnum was doubtless in so far a humbug. But when we consider that he afforded to thousands of visitors more agreeable and useful instruction, and at the same time more of amusement than could be obtained elsewhere for double the money, we must pronounce him the most innocent of all the many humbugs with which we are acquainted.

Mr. Barnum during the conflagration was absent at Hartford. The next morning he was in New York, and issued a card to the public, announcing his determination to enter immediately upon the formation of a new and more attractive Museum. In the mean time he proposes to translate the Moral Drama from the Lecture Room to some other convenient hall. Any change certainly would be agreeable from the former close and ungainly room in which the performances were given at the Museum.

LAUNCH OF THE "MADAWASKA."

The *Madawaska*, screw, 16, was successfully launched on Saturday, July 8, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, in the presence of many witnesses. The *Madawaska* is the mate of the *Wampanoag*, launched at the same place last December, and in beauty of design and of workmanship is one of the very finest of our navy-built vessels, or of any vessels of her class afloat upon any seas or in any service. She was christened by Miss Delano, the daughter of Naval Constructor T. F. Delano, her designer and builder. Among the more prominent persons present at the launch were Rear-Admiral Bell, Rear-Admiral Breese, Rear-Admiral Gregory, Commodore Selfridge, Chief Engineer Wood, Naval Constructor Delano, Captain M'Kinstry, Captain Pennock, Captain Jouett, Paymaster Eldridge, and Paymaster Bennett. The engines of the *Madawaska* are designed by Mr. Ericsson, and called patent-lever engines. They have two cylinders, 100 inches in diameter and 48 inches stroke of piston, to perform 60 revolutions. They are 6000 horse-power. The hull of the vessel is built in the most substantial manner, with live-oak frame, planked with white oak, and yellow pine deck planking. Her accommodations for the officers and men are similar to all United States frigates, except she has superior ventilation. Air-ports are placed outside of the coal-bunkers, fore and aft, making a clear passage for the air to pass through. She will be ready for service in about four months.

A HUSBAND'S EPISODES.

I heard a note in my garden bower;
  A note of cooing, and kisses of love.
My fair young wife was abroad at that hour:
  I saw the cedar branches move,

And two dark shadows, one of a man,
  Certainly pass'd across the lawn
Into the place where *our* kisses began
  When the chamber was still and the curtains drawn.

At last I said, when the morning came
  And she was as sleek as a sunning dove,
"Shall we go forth, my dainty dame,
  From the jonquil-nests and the cedar grove,

And seek the open air of the sea,
  Where the blue waves gallop against the shore,
Just as the heart of a man, set free,
  Bounds toward the steadfast things of yore?"

We went; for she did not spy my drift:
  She only saw that down by the sea
There would be many a change and shift,
  And many a chance of escape from me.

But I was 'ware of a certain walk,
  Close to the edge of the cliffs so tall,
Where ledges and lumps of the crafty chalk
  Break off to the deep, that swallows them all.

We walk'd there once, and not in vain;
  Forever so long it had not slid,
But the rock was loosen'd now by rain,
  And I thought it would slide that day. It did.

So she went down with it into the foam;
  And, the crowner's 'quest absolving me,
I turn'd (with crape on my hat) toward home,
  And waited a while till the end should be.

I had not long to wait for him:
  He came, with malice shut up in his eyes,
With his tongue so trite, and his smile so trim,
  And gave me comfort, and gave me sighs:

But when I went with him back to the train—
  Just as a friend should do, you know—
We talk'd the sad tale over again;
  And, whether I let his damp hand go

A little too sharply, who can tell?
  But down, with a ghastly groan and grim,
Under the griding wheels he fell;
  And the train went over him, limb by limb.

As I drove home that glorious night
  I did not laugh; for you see, my groom
Was sitting behind with his face so white;
  And he *could* tell tales to the house-maids' room.

But I gave my leader the lightest touch
  Of a whip that would hardly bear control,
And I whistled a few sweet bars—not much—
  Of the merry tune that fill'd my soul.

Ah well! The work of my life is done:
  But I should be rather glad, d'ye know,
To get away from the shining sun,
  And hide my triumph beneath my woe.

JANETTE MURRAY'S LOVER.

There is not a valley in all the world so sweet as the valley of the Waloomsac, where I was born, and where I lived a happy, careless child's life until I was eleven. Then my father died, and soon after my mother sank under the burden of life and left me an orphan. I was old enough to go out to service, and being handy at almost all kinds of work, I had no difficulty in making my way in the world. This was years ago, when girls from the Old Country were scarcely known. I found a very pleasant home with Farmer Bonesteel and his wife—a childless old couple, kindly in their nature, which was moulded after the oldest of fashions.

Yes, it *was* a pleasant home for me—especially pleasant as I look back upon it now—though many girls would have thought it insufferably dull. Very much the same things happened every day. Every spring and summer, every fall and winter seemed like every other spring, summer, fall, and winter which had come for all the years I could remember. That was so far as my own home was concerned. But of an evening one need not have gone far to have been startled out of this dull quiet. We lived on the hill-side, in a pretty little cottage with a flower-garden on all three sides of it except the road-side; and on one side there was an arbor of lattice-work in the garden. If you followed the road down that way a little you came upon the village hotel, the Old Red House, as it was called. Surely, if you went near this inn any night of the year, you would hear enough of the world's noise. There the farmers gathered together from all the nooks in the valley for miles around. There they drank and sang and gamed till midnight. The Old Red House was the centre of many mischievous, and sometimes criminal, expeditions which made the valley famous all over the country.

Disturbances often occurred of an open and boisterous kind; but sometimes criminal deeds were done in the neighborhood of which no record was given beyond the horrible acts themselves. No one knew the actors, and the most careful scrutiny of the curious could not penetrate to the heart of the mystery.

I remember in particular a series of such crimes which happened before my eighteenth year, with which my fate afterward connected me.

These terrible events occurred at great intervals apart, but all alike were invested with the same thick mantle of darkness. What sensational novels are nowadays to the minds of young girls the stories of these events were then to mine. The disappearance, evidently by violence, of two or three constables was easily enough accounted for when it happened, for every body forthwith attributed it to the Anti-Renters—there was no mystery about *that!* But it was a very different affair when young Philip Sneider went from his home to the Corners to see a circus performance and never returned. It was another affair when Lute Richmond, the keeper of the inn, stepped out one evening and was seen no more in the little village. Quite another affair when the bar-maid of the inn was found strangled to death—this violence having evidently occurred to her as she was in the act of opening the blinds of the bar-room at early daylight—or when Nic Marvin, known as an inveterate old miser, and who lived alone on top of the hill in sight almost of our little cottage, was discovered one morning to have been murdered. In this latter circumstance there appeared to have been a mercenary motive leading to the act, as every board of the floor of the miser's wretched hut was torn up in search of the hoarded treasure which common report had located there. But in the other cases no such motive could be traced. Young Sneider had nothing about his person more valuable than an old silver watch and a scantily-supplied purse. Lute Richmond was known to have no money about his person, and surely the poor bar-maid had nothing in her possession worth plundering. It may easily be imagined that the little inn at the village, and the miser's house on the hill, became in my mind, after the performance of these tragedies, objects of indefinable dread. I believe I would sooner have died than have slept for one night in a room of the Old Red House, or have passed alone by Nic Marvin's ruined dwelling even in the broadest daylight. But these things had no deeper meaning for me—at least so it seemed to me then—than for any one else; and I lived, as I said at the beginning, a happy and careless life at old Farmer Bonesteel's.

II.

I think I was still happier though when I became acquainted with Jemmy Boyce. When I first saw him I was not quite eighteen yet. He was fully twenty-eight. He had an easy way with him, and was not far from handsome, I thought, with his curly hair, his stout, agile form, and his cheerful, careless manner of talking. It was at least a change in my humdrum life, and there were not over many young beaus in Waloomsac that fell in my way—and he put himself in my way with a persistence that I must confess touched my girlish vanity. There was something about him which did not altogether please me. I do not know whether it was an expression which lurked in his dull gray eyes, or if it may have been in his indolent devil-may-care manner. Nor did I think of it much in any way at that time. He was the most unstable of men in regard to business. Now he would be going about mending the farmers' clocks—and it was in this way I first became acquainted with him—and then again he would take to peddling fancy wares about the country. In the summer he generally worked about among the farmers, but was not considered the most reliable of workmen on account of his unconquerable aversion to hard and constant labor. He did not answer to the ideal which I had formed of my future lover. I had anticipated more of romance and gentle feeling—though I was no novel-reader—but Jemmy Boyce, though he manifested a great deal of fondness for me, was abrupt in his manner of showing it. Though usually good-natured he was always wayward and sometimes moody. But I remembered that for years he had no fixed home, and no mother or sisters to love him, and that often his companions were coarse and brutal men. Indeed I concluded—as I suppose many other girls have done in a similar case—that however much more preferable my ideal might have proved, still he did not seem likely to make his appearance, whereas Jemmy had, and a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. I certainly made up my mind that I was in love with him.

When Jemmy began to pay attentions to me it was about six months after the old miser was murdered. It was not long before we were betrothed, and he urged a speedy marriage. But I put him off, which vexed him and made him sullen. Finding that I was not moved by his anger he altered his policy, and tried to persuade me by soft words. Perhaps I might have consented if the persuasive mood had fitted him as well as the sullen. I could not explain it; but when he assumed a particularly loving manner he was really repulsive to me. When he soothed, all that was worst in his features seemed to disclose itself. He gave me rich presents—that is, rich for his position—generally of jewelry. These pleased me, because they appealed to my vanity, which was very great. Once he gave me two bright gold half-eagles, which I received with unconcealed pleasure. But as Jemmy was always a spendthrift with his money I did not take these things to be extraordinary tokens of attachment. At any rate I kept fast to my resolution not to marry him until he obtained some settled and remunerative situation. In the mean time Farmer Bonesteel and his wife were much opposed to the match, and this perhaps helped me keep to my resolution.

It was now full summer. Jemmy and I had not been on the best of terms for a week or two; at least he had seemed to avoid me. About this time our little village was startled by the news that Judge Thompson had been waylaid at night as he was driving home, but through some happy chance had narrowly escaped the hands of the marauder. The road from our cottage, down by the Old Red House, after a short distance, led to the White Bridge, which spanned the Waloomsac River. After passing this bridge you came to a part of the road which was lined on either side by dense shrubbery. This shrubbery skirted the Judge's beautiful grounds; and it was here, just by the bridge, that the marauder had made his dastardly attempt.

This sad news filled me with great sorrow; for it now seemed that the whole neighborhood was haunted with the horror of murder; and it seemed singularly sad that this event should have occurred at a place which was my favorite resort. I loved every bush on that road-side. Summer after summer I had gathered berries from the shady coverts of that delightful old bit of shrubbery. It was too bad that that spot had been chosen for such a deed! Although I could not thoroughly divest myself of this dreadful association which had been connected with the place, yet it was hardly a month before I ventured in that direction. I ought not to give myself credit for the venture, though; for in the middle of the afternoon, my work for the day being over, I had sauntered out, and had unconsciously got to the other side of the bridge before I thought of the affair which had previously given me so much uneasiness. It was broad day, and the place was so charming that I lingered. At length, growing bolder, I peered into the miniature thicket. Oh, the bright berries and the cool shade were so tempting! I crept in and ate till my lips and fingers were red, and as I was sitting languidly in the cool shade I fell asleep. I slept for a long time. I remember I was dreaming of the long bridge—I thought I was crossing it, and it seemed so interminably long—and at the end, when the end was reached at last, I came into the shrubbery, and it grew dark suddenly, and I heard a rustling in the bushes, and a man sprang forth to seize me, and then I awoke with a scream, and saw right before me Jemmy Boyce! I really did not know whether to be frightened or assured. The sun had gone down and it was quite dark. A thunder-storm was fast coming on, which increased the gloom, and Jemmy Boyce's excited and startled face as I first awoke seemed only to add a fearful reality to my dream.

I started up, and my first intention was to run; but my second thought was to get Jemmy's protection on my way home. As I turned to him he said, in a hurried manner,

"Run, Nettie, run home or you'll be caught. Don't you see the black clouds and hear the thunder? It'll rain dogs and cats in ten minutes. Run for your life!"

I was astounded. Was he going to let me go alone? I plead with him. "Oh, Jemmy, *won't* you come with me? I shall die—I know I shall die to cross that dreadful bridge alone! Oh, you *must* come!"

"But I can't, Nettie," said he, sternly, his face as pale as death with some pent-up excitement. "I'm very sorry. But I can't. My work is—I must go the other way to-night. Good-by!"

I turned to renew my plea, but my words sank into my throat before his stern and almost threatening face. I turned and ran, though it seemed that I must sink at every step. It seemed as if I was running in a dream, under the influence of a torturing nightmare. When I reached home I was utterly drenched with rain, and so weary that I could scarcely draw after me my bedraggled garments. Exhausted with feverish excitement I sank into a lethargic stupor. For more than a month I was in a raving fever. When I recovered—and I convalesced rapidly—I learned, as soon as I was able to bear it, that the Judge and his wife had been murdered and robbed, and that the murderer had not been detected. It was not known to any one where I had been on that dreadful afternoon; and it was not until long afterward that I knew that the foul deed had been committed on that very afternoon, and while I was sleeping by the road-side.

III.

After my recovery Jemmy's courtship progressed rapidly. He obtained a respectable and lucrative situation in the Iron-works, and worked very industriously at his new occupation. And I promised to marry him in the spring. Our wedding was a simple affair. There was no gathering together of friends, no bridemaids or bridal wreaths. Jemmy and I went quietly together to Parson Jones's and were married, with the Parson's servants for witnesses.

Jemmy had built a house during the winter on the very spot previously occupied by Nic Marvin's old dwelling, and it was here that he took me to live. And here I began a life of horror. A loneliness soon began to oppress me, with nothing to relieve it. For Jemmy, though I think he was fond of me at the first, yet seemed to have no fresh or cheerful ways, and lived a very silent and morose life. I thought his business preyed upon him, and tried to recover his lighter moods by being cheerful myself. But alas! there was no recovery possible. I became at length aware that he had some grave secret and sought to penetrate it. I had wondered from the first that he had chosen this spot of all others for a home. I had remonstrated against it; but what could I say when he told me that he was but a poor man, and that this place could be bought for half its value—that otherwise, indeed, he could not think of building any where for some time to come? I consented, though with great reluctance. But after our marriage I discovered that my husband was growing to be as miserly as he had been a spendthrift before. The real reason of his buying the place was that he wanted an opportunity to search for that old miser Marvin's gold. He did not tell me this; he kept the business a secret affair of his own. But I watched him closely. When he thought I was asleep I have seen him prowling about in the yard with his little lantern—unless, indeed, it was a moonlight night. He did not know that his wife was watching, and with what a tremor she left him to his insane search and crept away to bed.

In this way he grew to be an alien in my eyes, and the house grew to be like one that is haunted. I was Fatima shut up in an old Bluebeard's castle. And one day—as all Fatimas will at last, you know—I unwittingly penetrated into the secret closet of the castle.

My husband had in his desk a box which he always kept carefully locked. He kept all his money in this box with his papers. One day I found this box by some accident left open. The desk was in a little room up stairs, which had a window in it overlooking the landscape, that in this view followed the river's course. Seeing the box open, my first impulse was to shut it; but the next was to just take one peep at its contents. Lying down in one corner among some papers, I saw a little roll of bank bills, and upon the top one I noticed a red stain as of blood. Looking more closely I began to grow dizzy—for I read the name of the bank, which was that of Brandon—and I knew that this was the name of the bills which had been advertised just after the Judge's murder as those which he had then in his possession. An overwhelming flood of terror deluged my mind and senses so that I could scarcely stand. Leaning against the window I looked out upon the landscape, following the river's course with my eye down to the White Bridge and over to the little park, in the midst of which nestled Judge Thompson's mansion. It was a year ago

since that dreadful afternoon, but the whole scene came up before me with marvelous freshness. A dark suspicion crossed my mind, which no effort of mine could avert; and, as if in answer to my thoughts, I that moment saw my husband coming up the road. When I met him at the door I could not conceal my agitation, and I think in that moment he read my whole thought as clearly as if it had been written in letters on my pallid features. And I knew that he read it. Ah! these Blue-beards, they know every thing. And the poor unfortunate Fatima has never a mask for *her* tell-tale face. There were no words between us about the matter. What need of words between those who read each other perfectly—one through cunning, and the other through the symbols of fear.

I can not tell you, reader, how great was the agony of the few following weeks. I saw a gulf open before me and all around, infinite in its awful depth. I was scarcely sane. Even the fear—a selfish fear of what Jemmy might do to *me*—gave place to the sense of awe. That which I had previously called my loneliness became now a fearful abyss of horror. Ay, no one can know the full terror of solitude until that solitude has in some way been associated with an awful crime. I was brought alone to face this murder—alone of all save him who did it.

Justice walks with stealthy but never-failing footsteps. She stood by me in that little room up stairs when I made that fatal discovery, and commanded me, "Go, proclaim this awful thing!" But I was weak for that. And she, who spareth not, chose other agencies for her purpose. It was not long before Jemmy heard the summons, though his miserable wife had no part in it. One night in August, 18—, a knock was heard just at dusk. I looked out of the window and saw two men, and knew that they had come for Jemmy. They took him as he was loitering in the garden and carried him away. He was tried, and the evidence against him was considered sufficient. He had been discovered searching in the shrubbery by the bridge, and had been seen taking money from a box hidden under ground among the bushes—hidden there, reader, while I was sleeping on that summer afternoon. He was convicted and sentenced to suffer death. While in prison he made a full confession, from which it became apparent that he had been the murderer of many others than these two innocent people; that he had deluded young Sneider away, and taken his life only to get possession of his watch and a few bits of change; that he had made away with the inn-keeper and the bar-maid from simple revenge; and that he had murdered old Nic Marvin, though he did not succeed in finding any of his money except a few stray pieces of gold. It was this man whom I had married, and promised to obey and love until death should us part. That death should have parted us at the scaffold! But so it was. I had a brief interview with him just before the last. He begged to be forgiven for linking my life with his, and protested that he had honestly loved me; but he had no soul, he said. "We do what we must," he said at last. I could not bear to hear such thoughts, and shrank, half-frightened, away from him. Since then I have only had one wish—that I might be a child again, and that the pleasant valley in which I had first seen the light, and where I had spent so many happy years, might have the same old look once again for me. But that wish was a dream which never came true.

AT MRS. SHODDY'S.

We were a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—who, in consequence of receiving a gold-lettered invitation to Mrs. Shoddy's grand reception, had on the appointed evening proceeded in state to her showy residence in the Fifth Avenue, New York—which avenue, by-the-way, is believed by "the Shoddy" to lead to heaven direct.

Our "dressing-room" experiences were peculiar, and suggestive of strange scenes to follow; but being, as we believed, well endowed with the repose of the Vere de Veres, we descended toward the scene of action, with a tranquil consciousness of being in every way equal to the occasion. At the very foot of the stairway we were accosted by no less personages than the hostess herself and her "grown up" daughter. The latter looked pale and anxious; but the mother, gorgeous in an intensely blue silk, and a huge coronet of pink and purple artificial flowers, evidently felt no misgivings. Both stared at us unconditionally. Suddenly a light illumined the countenance of the elder lady, as she broke forth in a loud, emphatic tone:

"*Well*, I declare! Mrs. Davis *and* Mr. Ellis! How *do* you *do?* And Miss Ellis! glad to see you, I'm *sure;* but the lights and every thing dazzles me so I don't hardly *know* people. Miry, my dear, this is Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Davis, both kind friends of your Pa, and Mr. Ellis's daughter." (Aside to me:) "*Who* did you say the other gentleman was? Oh yes! Mr. Stevens! Glad to see *you*, Sir, you may depend. *Young* gentlemen are *so* scarce. Couldn't hardly get up the party for it. The war, you see, takes the best of 'em off. Oh, excuse me—ha! ha! I didn't mean no offense! But every young gentleman at a party counts *one*—don't they, Miry?"

"Lor'! Ma!" simpered Miss Shoddy, blushing violently. Here Mr. Stevens, always superbly master of himself, gracefully hastened to the rescue, and in a moment Myra was laughing the girlish laugh which, thank Heaven! even Shoddy can not make unmusical.

"Dear me!" sighed the matron pathetically, without offering to allow us to pass into the drawing-rooms, "they've been pouring in thick as sirup all the evening! I'm so exhausted I can't hardly stand up."

Then followed a painful silence. Through the arched rose-wood doorway we could see the gayly-dressed throng within—a sea of blue, pink, and white, in which frantic creatures in black broad-cloth and white neck-ties seemed to be insanely bobbing and whirling. Suddenly the music ceased. The waves heaved violently a moment, then parted like a Dead Sea, crested with gauze and gossamer, while an army of Israelites, bearing silver trays laden with ices, passed safely through the temporary opening.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the hostess at last, with an apologetic start, "I ought to take you in. Miry," she added, nodding her head sideways toward us, as she spoke, "you must introduce them."

"Oh, mother," was the *soto voce* reply, "I can't do it—I feel too used up."

"Yes, you must"—very austerely—"*I* sha'n't do it."

The refractory daughter was conquered. "Well, mother, she replied, in a stage whisper, "I'll do it all together, but I can't introduce 'em *separate*."

Thus encouraged, we humbly followed the young lady, and, after being presented in a most novel and remarkable manner to the staring mermaids and mermen, we found ourselves slowly drifting toward an anchorage in the glittering saloon.

Young faces were there, radiant with intense enjoyment; older faces, with a startled, puzzled look upon them, as though the unaccustomed scene wrought more anxiety than pleasure; hard faces varnished with a mastic smile; soft, uninterpretable faces, which were either saintly or horribly vicious; and faces without any expression at all.

We had quite lost sight of our amiable hostess, and were contemplating a dignified retreat to the dressing-rooms above, when we saw that lady bearing toward us under full sail. There were costly laces floating about her expansive shoulders, and glittering bracelets upon her roseate arms: still there was something so grotesque in her manner and appearance that we were forced to risk the Scylla of an alarming gravity in order not to fall into the Charybdis of an uncontrollable smile. A pang of rebuke smote me, however, when her ladyship, in a tone of genuine interest, whispered:

"You look kind o' lonesome, Mrs. Davis; 'fraid you ain't enjoyin' yourself?"

"Oh yes, indeed," I answered, with the ardent imbecility with which persons usually perpetrate social fibs.

"Ain't you danced?" (with a look that said, "If people dare to slight you here, just let me know.")

"Thank you! I really would prefer—"

"Nonsense! Come along! I ain't agoing to have no wall-flowers in *this* company. I want to introduce you to a gentleman from Washington—monstrous rich!" (she added, in an intense whisper) "made a hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars in the last two months!"

It was in vain to resist. I remember a huge Titan in dancing-master attire—a flabby, villainous countenance—diamonds flashing from the centre of a wall of ruffled linen—an atmosphere heavy with pomade—and an avalanche of "Excuse me, marms" following sundry accidents to my attire, and innumerable heart-rending desertions and escapades during the progress of "The Lancers." Beyond this my impressions are vague and unsatisfactory. In fact, there are many things connected with the occasion that I would "willingly let die," not excepting the monstrous rich gentleman himself.

Before the evening was over I found myself in a smaller apartment, gorgeously furnished, and rendered truly remarkable by the abominable, showily-framed paintings which nearly covered the walls. A human quartette was seated upon the sofa, à la Kenwig, and it needed no second look to convince me that I saw the four children of our hostess. Feminine treble and masculine base were represented there in equal parts; but that effect was purely a matter of faith, as nothing in their faces betrayed that they had ever uttered a sound.

Soon the mother appeared. "Lor'! Mrs. Davis, *you* here? Well, I *had* to get out of the parlors for a *minnit*—it's *so* suffocating there! *This* is our family setting-room. Ellen, stick in your shoulder, miss!" (This last was a dramatic aside, directed to the sofa department.) "I see you're looking at the paintin's. Well, we *have* got *lots* of them, that's certain. I tell Mr. Shoddy we'll have a picture-gallery before we know it—ha! ha!—but that's nothing—for the man's bound to have every thing that money can buy—"

(Here a radiant, satisfied ripple of expression ran across the quartette upon the sofa.)

I tried to say something, but alas! the allusion to the possible art-gallery had jeopardized my gravity to such an extent that I could only cough pathetically.

"This 'ere big picture," pursued Mrs. Shoddy, "is a land*scape*—a land*scape* by—children! who is this land*scape* by?"

"Mr. Benson," they all answered in a breath, closing their mouths instantly like four traps.

"Yes, Mr. Benson. He's a Western man, Mrs. Davis, and don't charge more'n a quarter what these New York painters ask. He paints pretty, tho'. Ain't that white fence *too* natural?" she added, letting her head drop sideways with its weight of admiration.

Alas! the fence *was* too natural, but I did not trust myself to say so. I merely bowed and stared vacantly at an ideal work representing, as I suspected, Cupid and Psyche, since the blue damsel depicted therein balanced a huge butterfly upon her shoulder, and her youthful companion had the inevitable wings and quiver of the mischievous God of Love.

"*That* picture," broke forth Mrs. Shoddy, standing in superb disdain beside me, "ain't *my* taste—Mr. Shoddy bought it. It's a fancy piece, you see—Cupid and—children! what did your Pa say was the name of this picture?"

"Cupid and Per-*sitch!*" answered the two elder ones simultaneously.

"Oh yes, Cupid and Per*sitch*. But, Mrs. Davis, you must look at our portraits. We've had one artist for a year past doing all our family. Here's Mr. Shoddy and me. You *may* think the yellow gloves in my picture ain't mates—any one might—but they are; the artist was bound to put one of them 'in shadder,' in spite of all *I* could say. This is Dan'el's picture (sit up strait, Dan'el, and let go your sister's sash); it's like him, all but the hair. The naughty boy" (looking severely at Daniel) "burned off one side of his curls last week, and we had to cut off the rest. Here's our youngest, Tommy—the end one on the sofa there—most beautiful boy! Always just as sassy and lively as you see him in the picture—*ain't* it like him, Mrs. Davis?"

Shade of Polonius, pity me! Tommy was a blue, moist-skinned little fellow, who looked as if he were in a state of chronic-somnambulism. What could I do but falter, "Very like," without venturing to take a second look at the original?

"Mr. Benson said he never seen a harder child to paint," resumed Mrs. Shoddy; "it was so difficult to get his expression." (Alack! I should think it would have been *very* difficult.) "He took him at first with only one shoe on, and the other layin' on the carpet; but I wasn't going to have a child of mine lookin' like that: so I made Mr. Benson alter it quick. I told him to just change the shoe on the carpet to a kitten, or something of that kind, and then to put good Balmorals on the poor child. It's bad enough to have your young ones looking like wild about the house, without having their likeness took all in a muss! This is Katy.

"I had Ellen here," continued Mrs. Shoddy (halting before a remarkably pigeon-breasted specimen of high art), "taken correct in every thing but her chest. I ordered Mr. Benson to make that high, because the poor child is so awful flat that it would only worry her father and me to see it hangin' before us all the time. Besides, Ellen's going to Dr. Lewises what-you-call-it? Children! what's the name of Dr. Lewises place?"

"Gym-naz-jum!" replied the sofa, promptly.

"Ah yes, gym-naz-jum—that's it. Well, she's going there reg'lar after this, and Dr. Lewis says it'll soon fetch her chest out perfect.

"Here is something now that you *must* see" (pointing to an execrably painted waterfall, resembling a combination of green calves'-foot jelly and gingerbread). "*This* picture is my daughter Miry's work—ain't it beautiful? But do you know her *real* talent is *figger-painting*—that's her talent! I showed Mr. Benson (the one that does all our pictures, except the frames—*they* come from Goupil's)—I showed him *this* picture, and told him that Miry's teacher said she had great talent for painting, and, says he, 'Madam, if your daughter *has* a talent for art, it *must* be for figger-paintin'—he told me just from looking at that waterfall!" she added, triumphantly.

"Yes, Mr. Benson being a painter, could put his finger right on Miry's talent—'it *must* be, madam,' says he, 'it must be it's—' Heavens! Ellen Ann! catch Dan'el!"

This startling peroration was caused by an eccentric movement of the child Daniel, who, having fallen asleep upright upon the sofa, was announcing, by a preliminary pantomime, his intention of shortly precipitating himself upon the floor. Fortunately Ellen Ann was equal to the emergency. "Dan'el's" precious nose was saved, and the youth restored to partial wakefulness by means of a brisk maternal shaking.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, becoming suddenly conscious that, though art may be "long, time is fleeting," "I ought to be in the parler with the company. What *will* folks think of me? Dear me! what a bother!" So saying, the lady vanished in a glimmer of blue, purple, and pink.

Those last significant words were echoed in my brain again and again that night, during the wakeful hours that followed my introduction into "Shoddy" society. Poor Mrs. Shoddy! what will folks think of her? What a bother! what a bother!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"This is quite un*bear*able," said Bruin, at the conflagration of Barnum's Museum, "I'm off for Wall Street!"

When can donkey be spelt with one letter? When it's U! Nothing personal meant.

Barnum was traveling once on board of one of the river steamers, where they feed you for a moderate outlay (seventy-five cents a meal) very sumptuously, but the portions supplied are usually of microscopic dimensions. He called at tea-time for a beef-steak. The negro brought him the usual little, shriveled mite of broiled flesh, certainly not sufficient for more than two mouthfuls. Barnum poised the morsel on his fork, scanned it critically, as though it were a sample of steak submitted to his inspection, and then returned it to the waiter, saying, "Yes, that's what I mean. Bring me some of that."

Rich Herbs.—"Time is money," is a sage saying. Thyme may be money, but the mint produces it. Shakspeare tells us of "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." A sweet time a man would have had getting money out of that bank! Bah! Time is a very good thing to be allowed when a bill falls due, but after all we would rather have a mint of money, and we should then be sure of having a good time.

Cockney Zoology.—Precocious young lady: "Law, ma, here's a heagle." Mamma (reproachfully): "A heagle! Oh, you ignorant girl! Vy, it's an howl!" Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully): "Axes parding, mum, 'tis an awk."

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Mixed Metaphor.—The following specimen of this failing is taken from the Washington *Star:* "The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge the sea of politics with an earthquake of heresies."

An Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern, and there was but one bed for them. On entering, the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. "Then," said Pat, "you may take the under side."

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Don't you think, Miss, my mustaches are becoming?" To which she replied, "Well, Sir, they may be *coming*, but they have not yet arrived."

A Lucky Ghost—The ghost of a chance.

Beginnings.—Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the hound limps.

Tew bring up a child in the way he should go—Travel that way yourself.

It is said there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk-worm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of the statement can easily satisfy himself by *counting* them.

Sir William B——, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals that were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know, Sir, that I have been to the two Universities, and at two colleges in each University?" "Well, Sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

The Japanese say, "The tongue of woman is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using."

As her pretti niece red tew her, "breaches ov faith" occurred in the tex. "Britches of faith" reiterated Widder Stebbins, "the Lord help us! how fluxtuous the fashuns are! i wunder what the men will ware nex!" A soft blush inflamed the cheek ov her niece, but she left her kind ant unenlightened, and continued with what she was readin.

The Desert for a Dwelling-place.—It is easy enough for a soured man to renounce society and go into the desert: the only difficulty is to dwell there.

A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *a-doring* each other.

A gentleman, about whose Teutonic origin there could be but one opinion, was passing along the street, a few days since, when he came to a halt before one of the huge posters announcing the coming of the Panorama of Paradise Lost. He read this line, "A Rebellion in Heaven," when he broke forth as follows: "A Rebellion in Heaven; mine Got! that lasts not long now—Onkel Abe ish tare."

There is both a Spanish and French proverb which says, "A melon and a woman are hard to choose."

The editor of a country paper puts a dozen saucy questions to a political opponent, and concludes with calling him "*a brandy barrel*." Whereupon the "opponent" retorts, "If he has that opinion of us, no wonder he is so fond of *pumping* us."

An old lady was complaining a few days since, in the market, of the excessive high price of provisions.—"It is not the meat only that is so enormously dear," said she, "but I can not obtain flour for a pudding for less than double the usual price, and they *do not make the eggs half so large as they used to be!*"

Why is a cannibal exulting after dining off a missionary's wife like the finest race-horse of the present year?—Because he's *Glad-he-ate-her!*

A New Orleans newspaper contains this advertisement: "For sale, an excellent young horse; would suit any timid lady or gentleman, with a long silver tail."

Gentlemen of the Turf—Doctors.
Gentlemen under the Turf—Their patients.

The Right Place for a Choir.—The Cathedral of Rheims.

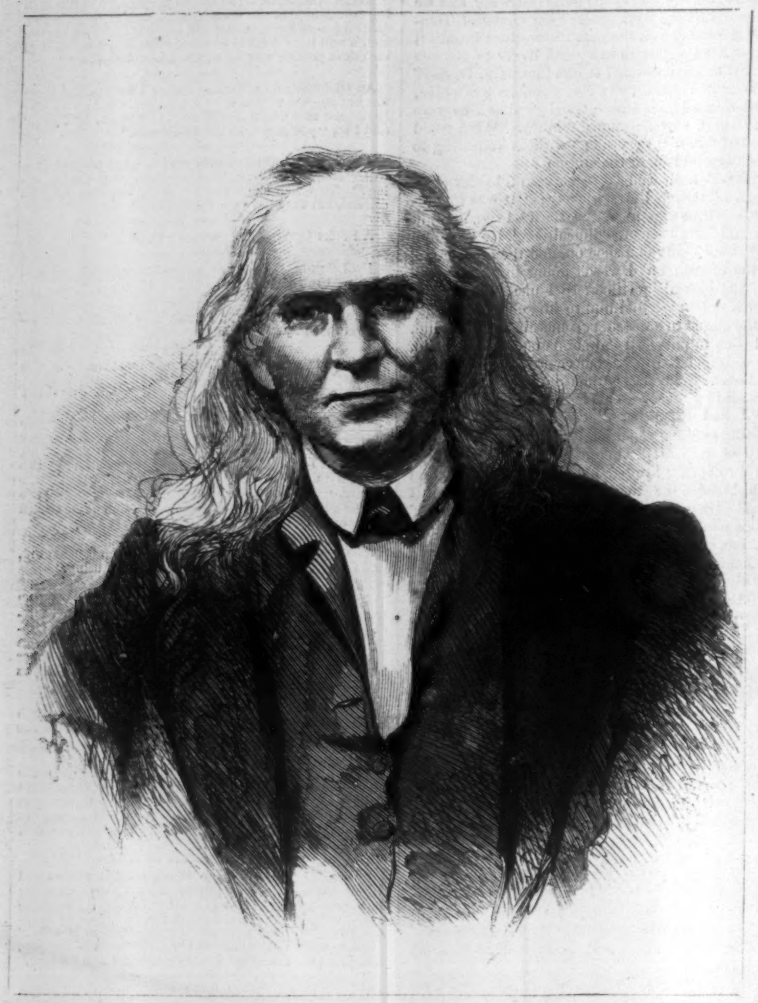
Those who are in business the most *sharp*, generally get the most *blunt*.

Epitaph on a Musician.—Here lies a finished artist.

Legal Query.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

A PRETTY PUZZLE.

"Now, Josiah dear, I bet you any thing you can't tell which is the front of my New Bonnet."



EDMUND RUFFIN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

MISS MARY HARRIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. B. LEISENRING.]

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

ONCE more the attempt is to be made to link together in the closest amity the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. A previous attempt was made seven years ago, but failed, or rather was but partially successful. But the compliments exchanged by the submarine cable of 1858 between our President and the British Queen, though so soon followed by an obstruction in the line, were, after all, justly regarded as the first-fruits of an enterprise that must in the end be crowned with success.

The *Great Eastern*, in whose capacious hold the precious coil has been stowed away in tanks, is already on her way from Valencia to Newfoundland; and it is expected that within the present month regular telegraphic communication will be established between the two hemispheres; and that shortly the New York journals will commence a daily summary of the London news of the day before. We give on this page an illustration representing the final view taken by visitors of the *Great Eastern*

FINAL VIEW OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" BEFORE HER DEPARTURE TO PAY OUT THE ATLANTIC CABLE—SHEERNESS HARBOR, JUNE 22, 1865.

on the 22d of June. As this was the last visit allowed to be made to the ship before her departure, great eagerness was shown to be present on the occasion, and a large and most distinguished party assembled. The visitors started soon after twelve, and before two o'clock were alongside the great ship, which, even making allowance for her great depth in the water, now nearly 32 feet, still seems to look even more grand and massive than ever. There is little more than her size, however, just now to attract admiration, for probably at no time during her checkered career has the *Great Eastern* ever been so dirty, or has her expanse of deck worn a more littered and unsightly aspect.

The visitors made the usual rambling inspection of all parts of the vessel—saloons, berths, engine-rooms, and every where. The great attractions were, of course, the coils, and especially that amidships, where the last couple of miles of the wire were being slowly wound inboard. Two short messages were sent through the cable—one through a section 1500 miles long, another through its entire length from end to end. The battery power used was very low, and the signals, though slow, were wonderfully clear and distinct. After these slight experiments had been completed the visitors were conducted to the grand saloon, where a most excellent déjeûner had been laid, and to which their journey down enabled them to do substantial justice. At the conclusion of the déjeûner Mr. PENDER, M.P., expressed his belief and hope that the cable would be successfully laid, and that it would promote the happiness, the communion, and the peace of Great Britain and the United States, which had already so much in common to unite them. The Duke of SOMERSET proposed "Success to the Atlantic Telegraph," and in a few emphatic words declared that the success of this great enterprise would tend to promote the best interests, political and commercial, of the two great and kindred nations. Mr. PENDER observed that they were honored with the presence of one who had devoted the energies of the last few years of his life in England to preserve the amicable relations between the two countries, at a period of no ordinary difficulty, with singular energy and success. He believed that whatever position Mr. ADAMS, whose father and grandfather had already filled such important offices, might be called on to fill in his own country, he would be followed by the good wishes and respect of all who knew what services he had rendered and what ability he had displayed while he was among us. Mr. ADAMS, who was warmly received, thanked the chairman and the company for the way in which they had expressed their sense of his services and for the manner in which they had alluded to his country. During the recent troubles he confessed he was selfish enough to hope the cable might not be laid, as he well knew he would have been overwhelmed with telegrams; but now that the war which had distracted his country had been put an end to, he wished with all his heart that one of the greatest enterprises that had ever been conceived might be successfully carried through, as he believed it would do more than any other agency to strengthen the bonds of union between the two countries. The interests and objects of the Government of Great Britain had all along been to maintain peace; and now that the contest which had distracted the United States had been put an end to, the sole object they had in view was peace also.

On June 24 the *Great Eastern* was removed from her moorings in Sheerness harbor to the Nore. The greatest precautions had been taken to effect the operation in safety, and it was completed without accident.

THE FASHIONS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THE summer modes are now quite settled in many important points. All through the season, which began on the 21st ult., the whole of the dress—corsage, skirt, and pardessus—should be alike in color and material, and the entire toilet passably simple, with as few ornaments as possible. This simplicity is really the distinguishing characteristic of the fashions at the present moment, but as an indication of a return to moderation in dress it is not worthy of much reliance.

The taste for scarfs seems about to revive, and has particularly received encouragement from the Empress Eugénie, who appeared at the late great race for the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamps in a magnificent cloth-of-gold scarf presented to her Majesty by the Emperor on his return from Algeria. Some of the scarfs already worn are very elegant; they may be either plain, of the same material as the dress, or striped, and edged with ruching or lace. A muslin scarf over a taffeta robe is extremely becoming, as well as a very agreeable toilet for hot weather; moreover, the shawl and the burnous, especially the former, are almost of necessity put aside during the months of June, July, and August.

One change of consequence has been adopted by many of the Parisiennes élégantes, and that is the abandonment of under jupons of a color different to that of the dress. A serious return to white appears to be generally resolved upon; but having been decided somewhat suddenly, the jupon blanc may not yet strictly be considered as *de rigueur*.

For morning or for evening toilet the styles of coiffure are varied. For the evening, ringlets, frizzled hair, and plaits, raised very high upon the top of the head, are perfectly admissible; but the volume of the capillary ornament is not very extensive. For morning, the plait may lie down in front *en couronne*, or the bands be slightly waved. A ringlet or two behind the plaits, and falling on the neck, may also be worn in the day.

Patronage is still shared to an equal extent by the chapeau empire and the chapeau fanchon; both are elegant in their way, and the selection of the one or of the other should be made to depend more upon the style of the face of the intending wearer than upon the special merits of either of the rival bonnets.

Properly speaking there are no Paris fashions for July, for Paris at present is deserted. At the favorite country resorts by the sea-side the fashions are set by Empresses, Princesses, and Grand Duchesses; and the cosmopolitan toilets almost defy detailed description, as may be seen by a reference to the smaller of our engravings, which represents some of those that have attained the greatest favor. It will be seen that the fancy of the wearer is allowed full scope; so much so, indeed, that many of the costumes might well be termed "fancy dresses." The "vestes russes" without sleeves, which appeared in some elegant toilets last winter, but were not much worn, are, now that the summer has set in, almost universally adopted, and form a charming

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1865.

and effective addition to any costume. They may be either simple or elegant, of black or white lace, with fancy trimmings and ribbons, or of cashmere, bound with a bright-colored band of the same material. These vestes are worn over a corsage of muslin, foulard, or nansook, and also with the "chemise russe," which has so long obtained great favor in fashionable circles.

The following is a description of the illustrations in our larger engraving:

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Sea-side or for a Watering-place.*—Pearl-gray linos robe, copiously trimmed round the skirt and round the casaque with black passementerie ornaments. The stripes and the small unattached balls completing the trimming are in black velvet. Round straw-hat edged with black velvet and provided with a large rose, a black feather, and a bow behind in white tulle.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Morning Visit.*—Dark violet foulard robe, with black stripes. There is a deep black silk ruching round the skirt and round the edge of the black silk casaque, which is also similarly trimmed at the cuffs and shoulders. Pink tulle chapeau, with pink ribbons in the guise of a bavolet, and a garland of plaited black ribbon passing round the chapeau and descending behind to the waist, where it is terminated by a pink bow.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Light blue taffeta robe, trimmed with passementerie ornaments of the same color, but a shade darker. Casaque to match. The chapeau empire is in white tulle, and the veil also. A few violet flowers decorate the front of the bonnet.

Fig. 4. *Another Walking Dress.*—Robe of dark orange-colored foulard, trimmed with elegant black guipure. The casaque of this dress is ornamented in a similar manner. White lace chapeau fanchon, furnished in front with a torsade of green velvet, several small flowers, and two aigrettes with light green shoots.

THE TRIAL OF MISS HARRIS.

Now that the trial of the conspirators is over, the exciting topic of Washington life is the trial of Miss MARY HARRIS for the murder last January of JACKSON BURROUGHS, a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. We published at the time the details of the murder, which was committed apparently to obtain revenge for BURROUGHS's falsehood and neglect.

The conduct of the deceased toward Miss HARRIS was inexcusable, in any case, and was especially aggravated if it be true, as is claimed by the defense, that he sought to secure her presence in a house of ill-fame in order to fix a stigma upon her character. But from Miss HARRIS's own admission it appears that BURROUGHS's misconduct had not gone so far as to attempt her ruin under cover of a promise of marriage.

There can scarcely be a doubt in the minds of any one but that the provocation was insufficient for the justification of murder. It was necessary, therefore, for the defense to establish a separate plea—that of insanity—in order to secure Miss HARRIS's acquittal. This is difficult to establish; for in every particular the murder appears to have been a deliberate act. Unless the evidence of insanity should prove more conclusive than at present appears likely, we hope that it will be set aside by the jury. We have had enough of dalliance with murder on such whimsical pleas. It must not be permitted for murderers to escape in cases where no honest juryman would on the same plea let off a thief. The degree of crime must not become its excuse.

EDMUND RUFFIN.

EDMUND RUFFIN, the father of secession in Virginia, and who fired the first gun on Fort Sumter, committed suicide June 17, 1865. A memorandum was found among his papers stating that he preferred death to living under the United States Government. He was upward of seventy-four years old when he committed this act of self-murder. At the time of his death he was staying in Amelia County, Virginia. The suicide was a deliberate act, the deluded man taking a musket loaded with buckshot, and placing the muzzle in his mouth, with the aid of a stick touched the trigger. The first cap failed to explode, when he replaced it with a better one, fired the piece, and was instantly killed. The upper portion of his head was entirely blown off.

Mr. RUFFIN was, many years ago, editor of the *Farmers' Register*, which ranked as the ablest agricultural paper of the country, and was a regular contributor to the *American Farmer*, *Southern Planter*, and other journals of the same class, and was likewise author of many essays, addresses, etc., which have been preserved in book form. He was also noted for his antipathy to the banks—so much so, that he had some of the caustic opinions of them, as expressed by JEFFERSON, RANDOLPH of Roanoke, and others, stereotyped on blocks and printed on thousands of bank-notes, which he would check out to be redeposited, with their own characters painted in no complimentary terms upon their backs. His death seems a fit close to that stage of his life which he devoted to rebellion against his Government. He that taketh the sword must perish by the sword, even though it be through madness and by his own act.

SHADOWS ON THE STREAM.

SUMMER evening shadows
  Thickly drawing round;
Summer's beauteous blossoms
  Strewing all the ground.

Leaning o'er the buttress,
  Ruined, gray, and old;
Looking into waters,
  Silent, still, and cold.

When our bright reflections
  Dance its surface o'er—
When like ceaseless music
  The distant torrents roar;

And the rocks before us
  Kiss the water's brim,
Flinging a reflection
  Between myself and him!

As we stood together,
  Whispering soft and low,
Flinging harebell blossoms
  On the waves below.

Laurel leaves were gleaming
  Round his shaded hair,
While the rocks were frowning
  O'er mine, cold and bare!

Seemed they not prophetic
  Shadows on the stream?
As when visions haunt us
  From a troubled dream.

Many, many summers,
  With their wreaths of flowers;
Many, many winters,
  With their dreary hours;

Flowing like those waters,
  Life's rough pathway down;
Bringing fame's fresh leaflets
  For his laurel crown!

By the gray old buttress
  Lonely now I dream;
Softly, sadly watching
  Shadows on the stream!

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

MESSRS. BENEDICT BROTHERS, "keepers of the city time," No. 171 Broadway, have issued cards containing the Time Tables of each of the railroads leaving this city, and have placed them in the principal hotels and public places. This has been done in response to a paragraph published in the *Evening Post* a short time since, and will prove a great convenience to travelers.—*Evening Post.*

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

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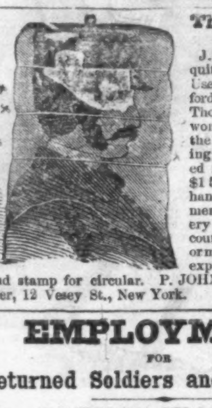

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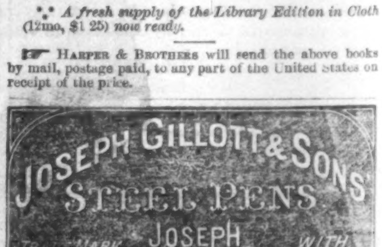

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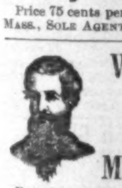

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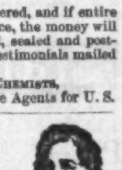

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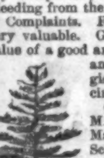

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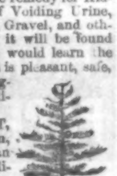

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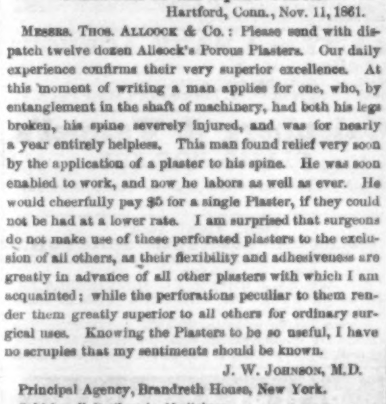

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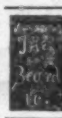

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